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Published Weekly

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME I | New York, Saturday, January 30, 1915 | NUMBER 13

Contents

Editorial Notes 3
Leading Editorials .....
So-Called Industrial Peace 6
Contraband and Common Sense 7
Autocracy in Business 8
The Schools from the Outside 10
General Articles .....
Mr. Rockefeller on the Stand ..... Walter Lippmann 12
The Future of Constantinople ..... Frank H. Simonds 13
Cotton and Wool ..... C. T. Revere 15
Emerson's Feeling Toward Reform .. Percy H. Boynton 16
A Letter to the American People ..... An Englishman 18
Organizing Retail Trade ..... Melvin T. Copeland 19
Verse in Congress ..... Herbert J. Seligmann 20
Correspondence 22
Drama: Granville Barker in New York . Francis Hackett 25
Books and Things ..... P. L. 26
Reviews of Books .....
A Free Man ..... F. H. 27
Poetry for Poetry's Sake ..... Ferris Greenslet 28

WHEN hired thugs, with or without a sheriff's badge, shoot down twenty unarmed strikers and keep on shooting at them when the men are rolling on the ground in their agony, it looks as if there were not much else to do but indict the assassins and their employers, and give them all the limit of the law. But if that is the only outcome of the assault at Carteret, nothing very radical will have been accomplished. It is necessary that Carteret should be studied, not as an abnormal murderous incident, but as a fairly normal situation which happened to break out into more violence than usual. The Industrial Relations Commission could do nothing better than to make an intimate survey of Carteret. Until that is done the rest of us can do little more than denounce the employment of thugs, and make guesses as to the remedy for them. For here was a town in which the mayor confessed that he couldn't police the company's property; here was a company which had reduced wages from two dollars a day to one dollar and sixty cents, a company hostile to the formation of unions, ready to break the strike by importation from a detective agency which has figured in other strikes. The first question raised, it seems to us, is the finding of a lawful and civilized method of upholding the law. But more fundamental than that is the issue most often at the bottom of industrial violence—the issue of whether a workingman on strike surrenders all rights to his job, and whether the power of the state is to be used unreservedly for the benefit of an employer who imports strike-breakers in order to crush a strike. Until the second question is answered there will be no satisfactory answer to the first.

THE House of Representatives has justified afresh the criticisms which have been so frequently passed upon its military policy. Its Army Appropriation bill is the unregenerate action of a group of unrepentant sinners. They have provided for a small increase of the regular army and for the training of additional officers, but beyond that they have done nothing to repair mistakes or to remedy abuses. The recommendations of the Secretary of War are ignored as completely as those of the General Staff. He does not get the men for whom he asked, or the ammunition or the guns. The essential matters of a shorter term of enlistment and the building up of a more adequate reserve are entirely ignored. The useless military posts are retained, as well as the wasteful and inefficient territorial distribution of the army. As at present organized and equipped, the Federal army is useless for any purpose except that of a national police force. The country is appropriating over $100,000,000 a year for a kind of military protection which would be wholly ineffectual to meet the probable conditions of actual warfare; and this policy is being continued in spite of a sufficiently startling exposure of flagrant military unpreparedness. If the Senate confirms the action of the House, public opinion will abandon hope of radical remedial action, unless the Republicans make a party issue of the matter and enter into control of the government in 1916. So wide a

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IT is unfortunate that the practice of spending enough money to pay for an efficient army upon the purchase of a comparatively useless one is defended by well-intentioned people in the supposed interests of peace. If the way to promote peace is to make war more expensive in lives and in money, the Army Appropriation bill of the House is a pacifist success. But such a road to peace is a rough one for a gallant and patriotic body of men. Pacifists of this stamp consent to the sacrifice of the American army in the event of war, and to the depriving of its officers and men of the means to perform their plain legal and moral duty, because they object to the nature of that duty. If war is expensive, a propaganda of peace purchased at such a price certainly is not cheap. Let us either disarm frankly, or arm within proscribed limits efficiently.

PROFOUNDLY reactionary is the decision just rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States in the Kansas Labor Union Statute (Coppage *v.* Kansas) case. It is a decision based on a conception of the Constitution which makes that document incompatible with industrial democracy and true freedom. The state of Kansas passed a law making it illegal for employers to coerce or influence employees from joining a trade union on pain of a refusal of employment. But the Court evidently believed that such right to coerce was essential to the right of free contract, and in this case, as before in the Adair case, where the constitutionality of a similar provision in a Federal statute was in question, the doctrinaire conception of liberty was upheld. The Court thus stops short in a progress which it had been recently making toward a gradual harmonization of the Constitution with our changing industrial needs. Perhaps, like the rest of us, it is suffering from mental fatigue. Perhaps, in this short day of reaction as in progressive days, "the Supreme Court follows the election returns."

SINCE this is a government of laws through men, the line-up of the Court in the Kansas Labor Union Statute case is significant. In the absence of a contrary report, we assume that Mr. Justice Reynolds, President Wilson's sole appointee, participated in the decision, thus siding with the conservatives. The dissenting justices—Day, Holmes and Hughes—are the realistically thinking members of the Court, though one misses among them the names of Justice McKenna—who ably dissented in the Adair case—and Justice Van Devanter. In contrast to the majority's attitude, these dissenting opinions were refreshing. Justices met by the enthronement of an abstract freedom of the will. Justice Holmes, in refusing to embalm the Adair decision into an immutable creed, recalled his dissenting opinion in that case, the opinion of a judge who deals with things, not words, and who realizes that a document which is to rule a great people must in its very nature allow for a wide and growing field for experimentation: "I confess that I think that the right to make contracts at will that has been derived from the word liberty in the amendments has been stretched to its extreme by the decisions; but they agree that sometimes the right may be restrained." As to unionization of labor, Justice Holmes said: "I quite agree that the question what and how much good labor unions do, is one on which intelligent people may differ; I think that laboring men sometimes attribute to them advantages, as many attribute to combinations of capital disadvantages, that really are due to economic conditions of a far wider and deeper kind, but I could not pronounce it unwarranted if Congress should decide that to foster a strong union was for the best interest not only of the men, but of the railroads and the country at large."

PERHAPS the best explanation of the large attendance at the St. Louis Convention of the National Foreign Trade Council was the statement of Mr. James A. Farrell that "one week of war did more than ten years of academic discussion to convince the country that foreign trade is a vital element in domestic prosperity." The several hundred delegates were asked by the Council to discuss measures dealing not so much with the immediate "capture" of European trade as with the elements needed to build up a permanent foreign commerce. For the increase of American international trade is one of the great realities implied by the statement that our isolation is ending. It will probably be the most important force drawing us into the politics and culture of the world, no doubt a perilous but certainly an inevitable adventure, and almost immediately it raises questions of internal policy which indicate how vast a reaction on our life this development is sure to have. The convention at St. Louis discussed the handicap put by anti-trust laws on exporters competing with European government-fostered combinations. Mr. W. L. Saunders, president of the Ingersoll-Rand Company, thought that the courts would give exporters the freedom they desired. Mr. John J. Ryan, president of the Amalgamated Copper Company, replied that the prospect of interminable lawsuits was not very encouraging. But it was the reaction of the smaller manufacturers which was most interesting. They

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business at a moderate cost is to cooperate in selling, and pro-rate the expenses. But when that is proposed the small merchant confronts the anti-trust law, and finds that while large business can bear the heavy cost of direct foreign representation, the small man is "protected" from the form of combination he most needs.

THE declining importance of the Progressive party has brought about a paradoxical political situation, indicated by Professor Irving Fisher in the following words: "The very success of Mr. Wilson in making the Progressive party seem unnecessary threatens to defeat him in 1916 by cementing the solid Republican vote against him." That is, the very success of Mr. Wilson in temporarily associating progressivism with Democracy has restored the two-party system; and the ordinary American voter will in the majority of cases be left with only two effective choices. He will be forced because of the triumph of Mr. Wilson to accept either regular Republicanism or regular Democracy, and when confronted with this choice, he may wonder whether Mr. Wilson has really succeeded in making a progressive party organization unnecessary. Such might be the result if the old party organizations were flexible political instruments which could be modified to the needs of progressive policy, but the old parties cannot be so modified. The American two-party system is intimately associated with fundamental defects in the traditional American political organization. It is the necessary enemy of direct popular political responsibility and of an independent and efficient administrative organization. The plain result of making the present Progressive party unnecessary will be to increase the necessity of some more effectual substitute for it.

UNDER the aspiring title, "Knowledge and Revolution," Mr. Max Eastman tells us in *The Masses* that he has been having a good laugh at our expense. We made the "foolish" statement that peace would have to be based on public law, that until nations were ready to fight for the maintenance of that law, the strongest aggressor would have his way. It is easy to see how nice a paradox can be made out of this argument: THE NEW REPUBLIC urges men to fight for peace. But there are a few more paradoxes at Mr. Eastman's disposal: think of a surgeon cutting a man open to make him well; think of inoculating a man with germs in order to cure a germ disease; think of building ships that will float out of steel that will sink. Above all, think of Mr. Eastman himself, as a lamb in wolf's clothing, preaching through many exhilarating if not illuminating months that class war. Yet consistency is no requirement of an honest thinker, and we can well imagine Mr. Eastman deploring the Civic Federation as an agency of industrial peace while he embraced Mr. Carnegie in a discussion of international affairs.

THE suit against the "baseball trust" by the new Federal League is the most striking test of "big business" since the Standard Oil case; it is so because of the popular interest in the issues involved. Most men would rather be brought to poverty by costly kerosene than be deprived of the best baseball that can be provided. Furthermore, the popular sense of justice is more acutely touched by anything of a sporting interest than by the most grave economic problem. It is significant that there is little popular indignation against the monopoly as such. While there is a faction that supports the Federal League out of a natural favoritism for the newcomer, a much larger section of the public is concerned with the evils of monopoly only as it uses its autocratic powers in a way unjust to the players. The public has no interest in the source of its baseball so long as the baseball is honest, good, and sufficiently cheap. But the public is supremely concerned that its favorite pitchers receive a square deal. If the rights of employees in businesses which offer less munificent salaries could be so adequately dramatized, a tremendous impulse would be added to the labor movement.

MR. Lorlys Elton Rogers, a New York lawyer, whom his first wife divorced at his request, married a second time, fell in love a third time, and took a mistress. She knew he was married. She hoped, and he appears to have hoped, that his second wife would divorce him. After they had lived together for several years, and had had two children, she lost hope. In a fit of despair she killed her children and tried to kill herself. The district-attorney in Bronx county has resolved to make an example of Mr. Rogers. A grand jury has indicted him for a felony punishable by a fine of not more than five thousand dollars and by imprisonment for not less than two years or more than twenty. How is this possible? Because a New York statute, which no person can read without perceiving that it is aimed at those who make money by adding to the number of prostitutes, is so loosely worded that it can be turned against any man who lives with a woman not his wife. Mr. Rogers has undoubtedly violated that code of sexual morality which all approve and many live up to. In his case the violation has led to hideous and wasteful misery. Popular feeling against him was strong until this monstrous attempt was made to satisfy it by so perverting

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So-Called Industrial Peace

MANY people seem to think that industrial peace is synonymous with their peace of mind. If nobody complains, if they are able to conduct business without strikes or agitation, they are satisfied. But as a matter of fact such a state of non-resistance may signify a profound disease. The most docile of all laborers are the children. We hear of no strikes where child labor prevails. Young girls, in fact, most women workers, accept the conditions imposed upon them without creating much disturbance. Women are difficult to unionize, the shops where they work are generally "open," they show few signs of "envy," they rarely follow "agitators." But the industrial peace which these women and children endure is for imaginative people the most terrible fact in the situation.

There are, moreover, all over the country industries in which every attempt at collective action is crushed with an iron hand. It may be that the men live in privately owned towns, with their homes, their schools, their churches, their jobs, their politics, all at the mercy of one control. It may be that they are forbidden to meet, as in the steel district, where men do not dare to discuss their own interests. It may be that every attempt to unionize is met by discharging the "ringleader," by mixing races and religions so that any kind of homogeneity is impossible. There is in many places an atmosphere of terrorism, a fear of spies, and a general ruthless domination of private affairs, against which few men have the courage to rebel. When beneath it all there is a rumbling and ugly threat, we hear about "industrial unrest," and well-meaning men set out to establish "peace." The despot becomes benevolent. Hospitals, swimming pools, Y.M.C.A.'s, "profit-sharing," are bestowed, evidently in complete oblivion of the fact that there would be little manhood in men who accepted these benefits at the price of submission. When Circe changed warriors into swine she fed them well, but their tragedy was that they liked it.

The problem of industrial peace is not to keep people quiet. The problem is to create conditions in which men can meet each other as equals, where they must treat each other with so much respect that no haphazard, careless despotism is possible. In that frame of mind alone will it become possible to develop the habit of settling their questions on the evidence in accord with reason. But the mere statement of the goal shows how far away from it we are to-day. In the recent hearings held before the Industrial Relations Commissions, the economic leaders of the nation with though they had power, they exercised little responsibility.

How then are changes to be made? The men at the head are badly informed, probably overworked, and on the whole not very much interested. The workers are under suspicion if they take an interest in the management. And the public, that vague, sprawling and indefinite conglomeration, is generally busy, too busy to think much about what is going on in obscure mining gulches, around distant blast furnaces, in nerve-wracked textile mills, in the basements of department stores. For in its worst corners our civilization is dumb, and everywhere it is rather deaf.

This is the simple and rather obvious reason why we cannot get along without "unrest" and agitation. The great "constructive" plans of statesmen are built upon them; the careful improvements of the more reasonable reformers draw their impetus from them. It is an open debt which the wisest reformers acknowledge, for we are all of us freer to-day to speak, to make proposals, to offer criticisms which would have got no hearing whatever if loud threats had not been made and ugly fists raised in anger. When we are told that conservative reform is all right, when the more temperate men are listened to carefully, we should not forget that all our proposals seem conservative and temperate only by contrast, that a few years ago the same industrial leaders who are now so open-minded denounced the meagerest reform as if it were the crack of doom.

Last winter the I.W.W. invaded the churches of New York. This winter the churches have organized to deal with unemployment. Last winter there were riots. This winter the head of the United States Steel Corporation is chairman of the committee to deal with unemployment. Of course there may be no causal connection. The committee which he heads is, however, not prepared to deal very drastically with the situation; certain city officials are very obstructive. There has been no unemployed demonstration this winter. Of course there may be no causal connection.

Nevertheless, those who dislike agitators ought to ask themselves what they propose to substitute for them. Just how, for example, do they intend to arouse interest in obscure injustice? Do they suppose men will think who have not first been made to feel? Do they suppose that they will feel until they have had brutal facts forced upon them? Surely it is idle to suppose that the "public" is a sensitive, wise, interested, courageous, active body of responsible people. We are all members of the "public," and we might as well

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to see some phase that needs correction. We know the horror of child labor, for example, though most of us do nothing about it. Sometimes a mere narrative of what conditions are arouses us. But on the whole we do not move unless we are prodded, and we need the gadfly every bit as much to-day as when Socrates recommended it.

Only those who have great power do not have to agitate. If the directors of the Steel Corporation wish to change conditions in their plants they will not have to hold mass meetings and march in parades. But a group without power, a disfranchised group, has to do more than convince itself that what it wants is wise. It has to convince others, and make those others take an interest in the plan. That is why suffragists have to talk on street corners, get their pictures into the papers, go on "hikes," interrupt public meetings, and dress up as Joan of Arc. The same is true of the industrially disfranchised. The railroad engineers can present their demands, sit down at a long table and argue their case through statisticians and lawyers. But the miners of Colorado or West Virginia or Calumet, the steel workers of Pittsburg, the spinners and weavers of Paterson, the textile workers of Lawrence and Lowell, are industrially disfranchised, and every time they wish to make some advance they have to start a little rebellion.

The answer to them is not to suppress the rebellion, to ask that they should make peace at any price. In industry, as among nations, there can be false, dishonorable, and disastrous peace. There can be the inhuman peace of an efficient despotism, but it will purchase a temporary comfort of mind at a cost which no people can pay and still call itself free. For to those who have not settled into a panicky fear, the quiet of those who submit is often far more ominous than the disturbance of those who rebel.

Contraband and Common Sense

IN his letter to Senator Stone, Secretary Bryan puts up an able defense of the behavior of this government towards the warring nations in Europe. He is able to show that all the official acts of the United States in reference to the belligerents are sanctioned by established international practice, and that if the government had behaved as certain of its critics have advised, it would have given just cause of offense either to the Allies or to Germany and Austria. The technical justification is complete. It is a pity that the anti- to be done, the administration is to be congratulated on so unimpeachable a legal record and so candid and dignified a justification of its course.

The correct attitude of our government has not been fully appreciated in Europe. The European governments have not, to be sure, had any legal grounds for complaint, but European public opinion at the present time is none the less very much disgruntled with the behavior of this country. Americans should recognize the fact that so far from being popular in Europe, they are disliked in Germany and their motives are questioned in England. The Germans resent the sympathy which American public opinion has on the whole shown towards the Allies. They have resented it from the start, but in the beginning they suppressed their feelings because they hoped to persuade Americans of the righteousness of the German cause. They realize now that they have not succeeded and cannot do so; and Americans who have returned recently from Germany testify to the growth in that country of an angry anti-Americanism. Neither is the situation much better in England. Englishmen were deeply wounded by the American note in respect to contraband. They do not for the most part dispute the fact that the American government had good grounds for protest under the laws of nations, but they claim to be fighting the battle of all neutral and pacific powers, and they ask for a clearer appreciation in this country of the legitimacy as a belligerent measure of the English effort to deprive the enemy of war supplies.

In the case of Germany a certain amount of resentment towards this country is inevitable. The American business public does and will continue to sympathize and trade with the enemies of Germany. The supplies which the Allies can purchase in the United States may make the difference between ultimate defeat and ultimate victory. The Germans would be more than human not to resent such sympathy and assistance; and if at the present time they seem to be more than human in the exercise of military power, they are certainly very human indeed in the cultivation and in the expression of their feelings. This resentment cannot wholly be avoided, but it can at least be mitigated by a timely tribute of admiration for the extraordinary devotion of the German people to their national cause, and for the superb fight they are making against such enormous odds. It might also be mitigated by the assumption of a less self-righteous attitude on the part of American publicists, and a modification of their attempt to try Germany in the Supreme Court of civilization and find a verdict with damages against her. Such a verdict may have to be passed, but what

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try is less deep-rooted than that of Germany, but it is scarcely less difficult to avoid. A serious difference of interests exists between the United States and England. From the English standpoint, every cargo of goods allowed to enter Germany may mean a longer war and heavier expenditure of English blood and treasure. England cannot stop the entrance of contraband into Germany by land. If it is to be stopped at all it must be stopped at sea, where England is supreme; and it cannot be stopped at sea unless supervision is exercised over American exports to neutral states bordering on Germany or Austria. On the other hand, this country wants to trade as freely as possible, and protests against the extent to which wholly innocent commerce has been hampered by the English searches and seizures.

The chief difficulty of the present situation is that neither party has as yet admitted the true cause of the trouble. Neither party probably will do so. The issue now at stake is the right of neutral states not to suffer from the belligerent acts of others. Aside from the minor questions of delays and unnecessary severity in the methods of examination, Americans are really protesting, not against the embarrassment of our trade with neutrals, but against the prohibition of our trade with Germany. This is the crux of the matter. Such a difference of interest is incapable of legal solution. The law governing the whole matter is in an indeterminate and fluid condition, and its application depends upon facts which are difficult to discover and whose ascertainment cannot be submitted to an international tribunal. Such being the general condition, the continuation of good relations with England depends upon the avoidance of narrow insistence on legal rights, and upon the exhibition of mutual courtesy, consideration, fair-mindedness and common sense.

There is an old adage about the dwellers in glass houses. It may be invoked with excellent results in almost any international controversy. Before insisting too strenuously on our rights, or condemning too severely the British policy regarding contraband, it might be well to remember for a moment our own past record. What about Mexico, for example? British interests in Mexico, far greater in value than any American interest now prejudiced by this contraband policy, have been ruined because, in response to our urgent request, Great Britain granted us a free hand to deal with the situation across our southern frontier. The administration's attitude toward business in Mexico does not square well with its position on contraband. The avowed humanitarian purpose in Mexico and the assertion of the disregard of the Hague Convention by Germany.

Americans would like to believe that as a nation their motives are pure and their ideals high. Even though our actions may sometimes belie such a claim, we expect to be judged with tolerance and consideration. Are we always equally ready to be charitable in our estimate of the action of others? We have now an opportunity to demonstrate that we are ready to grant a consideration that we ourselves invariably expect. If this be our spirit, the contraband dispute will be settled without further friction.

When the war is over we may meet the real question that has been raised by the present controversy—the right of neutrals not to suffer from the belligerent action of others. International law as at present written concerns itself primarily with what belligerents may do to neutrals, not with stipulations for the protection of neutrals which may under no circumstances be disregarded. In this we have acquiesced. We may have an opportunity when the war is over to remedy our past mistakes. The surest way to gain this end, however, is first to define, and then to be able and ready to defend our position. Until we are willing to accept the responsibilities of attempting to extend the rights of neutrals, we cannot expect to enjoy to the full the benefits that neutrality should confer. Neutrality at present is passive. To be effective it must be made positive. We have neglected in the case of Belgium our greatest opportunity to give it new life. Another chance may come later. In the meantime, let us abide by the golden rule, and treat contraband with common sense.

Autocracy in Business

DURING the hearings before the Industrial Commission in New York, several witnesses forced on public attention the problem of working out a "safe and sane" form of corporate organization. The idea is gaining ground that an unwieldy and irresponsible directorate has much to do with the errors and evils connected with the management of corporations. After having long advertised the organization of big business as a model of practical efficiency, business men are now coming to admit the existence of radical defects, and remedies are being proposed based, curiously enough, upon what may be called political quite as much as business considerations.

The existing method of organizing the direction of large business is properly described and condemned as a sham. It suffers from a discrepancy

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In theory, a large corporation with a widely distributed capital stock is a kind of representative democracy. The voting privilege is indeed based entirely on proportionate ownership rather than on manhood or womanhood, but in the case of corporations with thousands of shareholders no one or no small group of which owns a majority of the stock, the distinction is not essential. The directors are supposed to be elected by the stockholding owners and to be responsible to them for the general business policy. The chief executive officials are appointed by the directors and are responsible to them for carrying out the instructions. The stockholders control the directors and the directors control the president and his assistants. In practice such control is exercised only within narrow limits. The chief executive officials almost always dictate the policy, with but little effective check or supervision. The great majority of large corporations are operated as complete administrative autocracies. An active executive committee of directors may participate in the management, but not in the sense of exercising independent supervision. The board consists largely of rubber stamps. They do not want and are not allowed by the executive officials to know any more than is necessary about the conditions and the management of the business. On the other hand, the directors themselves are practically never held to accountability by the stockholders until any damage which is being done to the company's business has become public. Representative government based upon a property qualification seems to incur as much difficulty in remaining representative as does a thoroughgoing democracy.

Many instances of gross mismanagement have occurred as the result of this uncontrolled autocracy. The course of large American business enterprises is strewn with the wreckage of corporations which, whether from good or bad motives, have been ruined by their executive officials with or without the connivance of some of their directors. We do not mean to imply that such mismanagement has been the rule, or that this enormous concentration of responsibility in the hands of the business administration has not taken place in response to a real need. But whatever the rule, so many corporations have been plundered or wrecked by their administrative chiefs that a real evil must be admitted to exist. It is an evil of sufficient magnitude to justify the attempt to devise an adequate remedy.

The remedy most frequently suggested is that of limiting by law the authority over corporations exercised by a majority of the stock. At present such a majority, which under the proxy system is always voted by the management, names the whole board of directors. Even a very considerable minority if it is likely to be hostile to the management, has no means of securing representation or of knowing in sufficient detail how well the business of the company is being conducted. Business men and corporation lawyers, who have condemned unrestricted majority rule in politics as the negation of safe and sane government, have organized and perfected it in industry. Their opponents wish to limit majority rule by the application of constitutional safeguards. They propose to grant to a sufficiently large minority of the stock the right to be represented on the board.

Constitutional safeguards for stockholding minorities present a smooth and fair appearance. So much can be said in their favor that they will doubtless be tried; but in our opinion this proposed remedy is the result of an analysis which does not penetrate to the root of the difficulty. The irresponsibility which infests the management of large corporations is a reflection of the irresponsible attitude of stockholders themselves. If they had wanted minority representation or would have used it effectively, they would have won it long ago. Stockholders as a class seem to be made up of extraordinarily confiding, inattentive, uninquisitive and credulous people. They are only too willing to trust the management, and to accept its version of the facts as true and its policy as sound. All that they usually see of their property is little scraps of paper, and all that they want out of little scraps of paper is dividends. Realizing as they do that the management is and always must be very much better acquainted with the needs, conditions and opportunities of the business, they place the same kind of confidence in the official administration that the ordinary French citizen of 1860 did in Napoleon III. As long as stockholders are disposed completely to renounce and ignore the responsibilities of ownership, the remedy of minority representation for administrative autocracy seems at least to be insufficient. It is more likely to provide an instrument which business marauders can use to annoy and blackmail the management of a large corporation than it is to bring to big business the advantages of constitutional government.

Stockholders feel very little responsibility about the management of their property, because they occupy an unnatural and wholly passive relation to it. They allow their capital to be used, but they rarely lend with their capital any personal service and interest. They do not enter into wholesome human relations with the business in which their property is invested. What stockholders and their representatives need is to be stimulated to a higher sense of responsibility by the obligation to consult with other people whose actual interests and lives hang more or less on the success of the business. Such people should be granted representation in the directorate. Their

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presence on the board would provide a really effective check upon an autocratic management, and might result not in a merely formal corporate constitutionalism, but in a vital industrial constitutional government.

The people whose actual interests and lives do hang more or less on the success of the business are, of course, the employees of the corporation and the consumers of its product. They are in many cases in a better position to know whether the business is being well or ill managed than is the ordinary stockholder. They see it at work. They know whether they and their associates are receiving fair treatment and adequate service. They are quick to detect signs of corruption or incompetence. They would provide the kind of check most likely to stimulate an autocratic management to a livelier sense of all its responsibilities. They would contribute to the business policy of a corporation a positive element, the need and value of which an autocratic management would be most likely to overlook. Supervision of large corporations in the interest of labor or of the consumer would then be not so much imposed *from without as actually wrought into their control* and operation. In short, the presence on the board of representatives both of the employees and of the public would convert a big corporation into a semi-political body—into a constitutional democracy which recognized its responsibilities to diverse human interests by assuming the obligation of consulting them. The stockholders would still remain in control, and their control would still be delegated to an autocratic administration, but it would be a limited monarchy surrounded by a really representative body and responsible to public opinion. It would be a preliminary and necessary step in the direction of industrial democracy.

The Schools from the Outside

TO persons directing any complicated organization, criticism from outsiders always seems either futile or irrelevant. Conscious of the difficulty that has been met in creating the existing machinery, they resent the debonair and nonchalant proposals tossed in upon them by people who have only an amateurish or philosophical interest in their work. There are very few able administrators in any work who do not honestly believe they are doing their best with the material that is given them.

To this resentment the educational world seems particularly prone. The teacher finds it intolerable that the classroom should be judged from any vantage-point but the teacher's desk; the superintendent is impatient if arraign his system in the light of the product turned out. A public service which enlists so much conscientiousness as does our public school system is naturally sensitive to public criticism. Its very sensitiveness makes it difficult for it to distinguish between criticism of motives and criticism of policies and philosophies.

This resentment to amateur criticism is offset by an almost pathetic trust in expert overhauling. Letters from school principals to those in charge of recent investigations into city school systems imply that the expert has some kind of magical power not possessed by the ordinary teacher or administrator. When we learn, however, that the defects discovered are usually of so elementary and obvious a character that few interested laymen could have ignored them, we suspect that the magic is not so much a matter of the expert as it is of the outsider. The thing is to get a new point-of-view, a new interpretation, which shall not be so obsessed with the inside workings of the machinery that the drift of policy and the value of the human product is ignored.

Educators, it is true, "welcome fair criticism," *and they have a fond belief that they get it from* one another in the educational press. But in this mass of books and journals, crowded with exposition and discussion of current educational conceptions and technical methods, the whole setting, language, philosophy, are professional. The very bases and premises which the lay critic wishes to criticize are taken for granted. Educators decry "destructive" criticism, but in a sense all criticism is destructive, for it is essentially an examination. It requires a stripping away of the wrappings of routine and jargon, the turning of the idea about on all sides, the placing of it in a light where it may be clearly observed. There is another reason why amateur criticism is likely to be pertinent in education. The whole business of teaching and learning is a matter of personal psychology, and, in spite of current cant, there is no science so elusive and so unformulated as psychology. If the scientists will no longer deal with the problems of the personal, conscious life, it is left for the amateur philosophers to examine the psychological backgrounds of the teaching world, and attempt newer and more personal interpretations.

Much of the public criticism of the schools is no doubt unintelligent, but what are we to say of that blanket defense we hear so often from the educator, that the niggardliness of the public prevents his providing the best schools and the best teachers? Now a country that attempts almost universally to provide free secondary school education—something provided in no European country—is certainly not thus guilty. The pres-

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high. It is quite too late in the day to pretend that anyone still regards public schools as a charity, or that ridicule of teaching methods would only serve to discredit the schools and reduce the already small appropriations. There is no more fear—though some of our educators would have us believe it—that free criticism of the schools will leave us school-less than there is that denunciation of the New York police resulted in leaving that city without police protection. The public schools in this country have the standing of all other public services.

It is not a question of more money, but of more intelligent use of present resources. The inexpert public cannot be expected to spend its money wisely. It has an incorrigible itch for objective results. It likes to see its money go into handsome buildings with expensive equipments. Large sums are spent in emulative waste. If one town boasts a seventy-five thousand dollar high school, its neighbor must have a hundred thousand dollar one. It is obvious that money which goes into costly ventilating systems and gymnasiums and the adoption of uncriticized fads, does not go into teachers' salaries. But it is the function of the educators to offset this public childishness with their own wisdom, and see that the public money is profitably spent. If they believe that we could have better teachers if we paid more for them, they should see that the money goes to the teachers and not into fussy mechanical details.

The trend of educational activity has been to encourage this objective standard. More of the intellectual energy of the educational world has gone into technique and organization than into psychology. It has been more interested in seeing that the American child had enough cubic feet of air, a hygienic desk, and a fire-proof building, than that he acquired an alert and curious outlook on the modern world, and an expressive personality. France, with public school buildings, even in Paris, that you would scarcely perhaps stable your horse in, somehow, by making expression the insistent motive of education, turns out intellectual products strikingly superior to our own.

European experience tends, too, to challenge the common assumption of American educators that quality of teaching is proportional to salaries paid. American salaries are certainly as high as those paid in European countries. There is no violent contrast, moreover, between the intellectual and educational background of a primary teacher with seven hundred a year and a principal with twenty-five hundred. They would both subscribe to the same philosophy of life; they might easily have come from the same training-school. The difference would be one of age or executive ca- nothing more than greater expertness with routine and a longer setting of the intellectual cement.

It is this background, spirit, philosophy, behind the educational mind that the critical public is becoming more and more restless about. It does not challenge details of mechanical and administrative organization. These have been worked out with an ingenuity and a completeness all too thorough. The public is demanding now a similar attention to the conscious and spiritual side of learning and teaching. The ideal of the school as an embryonic community life, of the child as a growing personality to whom the activity of the school must have intense reality, of education as the training of expression, creation—this has hardly begun to be generally felt. The faults discovered by the Springfield school survey arose largely from a careless and mechanical philosophy of life, an educational philosophy that had not sufficiently emphasized these ideals. The investigators were able, for instance, to tell on the moment whether a teacher had come from a certain training-school by her method and attitudes.

The responsibility cannot be dodged by the professional educators. They are responsible for primitive and mechanical attitudes which make so much of the orthodox public school teaching a mere marking of time rather than an education. Millions of the public's money would not effect this change in the background of the teaching world. That background could be changed without its costing the public a cent. The difficulty, huge, it is true, like any other attempt to change the obscure and uncriticized assumptions that lie at the bottom of any theory or practice, is psychological, not mechanical. It involves only the substitution, for certain undemocratic, ultra-logical ideas, of ideas more congenial to the time and social situation in which we live.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1915, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT. ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y. UNDER THE

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Mr. Rockefeller on the Stand

MR. Rockefeller seemed terribly alone on Monday when he faced the Industrial Relations Commission. There was an atmosphere of no quarter. A large crowd watching intensely every expression of his face, about twenty cameras and a small regiment of newspaper men, a shorthand reporter at his elbow, and confronting him the Commissioners led by the no means reassuring Mr. Walsh—except for an indefatigably kindly police sergeant who gave him one glass of water after another, not much was done to pamper the witness. He met what he knew to be his accusers with the weary and dogged good humor of a child trying to do a sum it does not understand for a teacher who will not relent.

From the first Mr. Rockefeller was on the defensive. He began by reading the long statement which was printed that evening in the newspapers. The statement was very carefully prepared; much thought and labor had evidently gone into it, but as a matter of style it did not sound in the least like anything that Mr. Rockefeller had to say on his direct oral examination. Perhaps we did him an injustice, but it never occurred to us to suppose that Mr. Rockefeller had written the document himself. Nevertheless, Mr. Rockefeller read the paper well.

But it was much too smooth to be convincing. When he read with warm emphasis that "combinations of capital are sometimes conducted in an unworthy manner, contrary to law and in disregard of the interest both of labor and the public," we wondered whom he had in mind. Nor were we any more enlightened as to what he really stood for when he said that "such combinations cannot be too strongly condemned nor too vigorously dealt with." He read those sentences with sincere indignation and without betraying the slightest self-consciousness. To the charge that he has enforced an industrial absolutism in Colorado, he replied with much feeling that "an attitude toward industry and toward labor such as is here implied is so abhorrent to me personally and so contrary to the spirit of my whole purpose and training that I cannot allow these allegations to pass unnoticed . . . . While it has been said that I have exercised an absolute authority in dictating to the management of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, it has also been said that I have been too indifferent, and that as a director I should

Yet it seemed to me as I listened to him that both could be true, and that in fact it was just such a dilemma which was the truth. For while the reality of the Rockefeller power could hardly be questioned, the use of that power appeared to have been second-hand and inadequate. For ten years Mr. Rockefeller had not seen his property; his relation to it was by letter and by conference with the officials. What he knew of it must have come to him from them, and, as he has confessed, he trusted their word. Now when we speak of the despotism of the Czar of Russia, we do not mean that he in person acts despotically in every province of his empire. We mean that a despotic hierarchy exists owning allegiance to him as its titled head. We know that if the Czar wished to liberalize his government he would find himself hampered by his subordinate officials. But he has to bear the responsibility for the things that are done in his name, and because he has potential power he is blamed not only for what he does but for what he doesn't do.

This seemed to be the predicament of Mr. Rockefeller. I should not believe that he personally hired thugs or wanted them hired; I should not believe that the inhumanity of Colorado is something he had conceived. It seems far more true to say that his impersonal and half-understood power has delegated itself into unsocial forms, that it has assumed a life of its own which he is almost powerless to control. If first impressions count for anything, I should describe Mr. Rockefeller as a weak despot governed by a private bureaucracy which he is unable to lead. He has been thrust by the accident of birth into a position where he reigns but does not rule; he has assumed a title to sovereignty over a dominion which he rarely visits, about which his only source of information is the reports of men far more sophisticated and far less sensitive than he himself.

His intellectual helplessness was the amazing part of his testimony. Here was a man who represented an agglomeration of wealth probably without parallel in history, the successor to a father who has with justice been called the high priest of capitalism. Freedom of enterprise, untrammeled private property, the incentives of the profiteer, culminate in the achievements of his family. He is the supreme negation of all equality, and unquestionably a symbol of the most menacing fact in the life of the republic. Yet he talked about himself on the commonplace moral

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was anybody less imperial in tone than John D. Jr. The vastness of his position seemed to have no counterpart in a wide and far-reaching imagination. Those who listened to him would have forgiven him much if they had felt that they were watching a great figure, a real master of men, a person of some magnificence. But in John D. Rockefeller, Jr., there seemed to be nothing but a young man having a lot of trouble, very much harassed and very well-meaning. No sign of the statesman, no quality of leadership in large affairs, just a careful, plodding, essentially uninteresting person who justifies himself with simple moralities and small-scale virtues.

His tragedy is that of all hereditary power, for there is no magic in inheritance, and sooner or later the scion of a house is an incompetent. Yet the complicated system over which he presides keeps him in an uncomfortably exalted position, where all men can see its absurdity. It is the weak monarch who finally betrays the monarchy. It is the unimaginative, blundering, good-natured king who pays for the acts of his predecessors. Those who rule and have no love of power suffer much. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is one of these, I think, and he is indeed a victim. The failure of the American people to break up his unwieldy dominion has put a man who should have been a private citizen into a monstrously public position where even the freedom to abdicate is denied him.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

The Future of Constantinople

IN the first lines of a book which made a noise in the European political world a few years ago, Sergius Goriannow, director of the Archives of the Russian empire, wrote: "For Russia, all the famous Eastern question is comprehended in these words: What authority shall rule at the straits of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles; who shall be the keeper of these gates?"

In the last four years the Eastern question has been much simplified. Turkey in Europe has all but vanished. Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, have interposed between Austria and the Golden Horn. So far as man can now see into the future, the end of the great war will see a new Servian kingdom, including Bosnia and Herzegovina, extending along the Adriatic shore from the Narenta to the Drina. Macedonia has become Greek and Servian, Albania has Italian garrisons. But there remains the problem of Constantinople, the "question of the straits," the true Eastern question, so far as Russia is concerned.

What then is the probability for the present capital of the ever-crumbling Osmanli empire? What will peace in Europe mean for Constantinople? Obviously there are three possibilities. It may remain Turkish. Turkey expelled from Europe, from the shores of the straits and the Sea of Marmora, there may be created a neutral state, a twentieth-century ghost of the Byzantine empire, as it faced the final Turkish attack of 1453. Finally, Russia may at last realize the dream recorded in the legendary testament of Peter the Great, disclosed in Russian policy ever since the reign of that greatest of the czars.

Now it is plain that the least likely of the three doubtless circumscribed by new frontier changes in upon the shores of the Golden Horn for the Sultans. Not merely has Turkey again risked a war with Russia, this time deprived of the naval or moral support of Great Britain, but she has also opened the straits to warships, which, passing through, have bombarded the shores of Russia's Black Sea provinces, sunk Russian ships of commerce, and brought ruin to Odessa and Batum.

In all Russian policy toward the Eastern question there have been two considerations, that of procuring the opening of the straits to Russian warships, and that of insuring the closing of the straits to the warships of hostile nations. The entrance of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* into the Black Sea has served as a final demonstration of the fact that the defense of Odessa must begin at the Dardanelles.

By preaching the Holy War to the subjects of Britain and France, by endeavoring to invade Egypt, the Sultan has certainly destroyed a desire of the nations which saved him by the Crimean War, of the nation which sent its fleets to make the San Stefano compact void, to sacrifice their present ally to save Turkey. In fact, the British and French policy may be comprehended in the statement that to-day both London and Paris regard Constantinople not as a Turkish town but as a German fortress, and conceive that Mohammed V. has abdicated in favor of William II.

It is fair to assume, then, that peace will carry with it the sentence of exile for the Sultans, that the road to Brusa whence they came to Europe six centuries ago will be opened to them. Such future as they may have will lie in Asia, in Asia Minor,

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Now it is conceivable that at the great European conference which will follow the present world war there may be created a neutral state about Constantinople, a state including the two peninsulas that touch the Bosporus, the peninsula of Gallipoli, which commands the Dardenelles. Bulgaria, as the price of her neutrality, may hope to regain her frontier of the first Balkan War, to retake Adrianople and come south to the famous Enos-Midia line. The neutral state of Constantinople would then include some 8,000 square miles, a population of over 1,500,000 made up of all the Levantine races, but dominated by the Greeks.

But could such a state exist? It would be created in the plain defiance of all Russian influence and ambition. Unless it were garrisoned by the Great Powers, it would be open to Russian aggression, a far less fensible state than poor Belgium. It would, too, be a state erected against Russia, and the nations undertaking to guarantee its integrity would by this fact become enemies of the Czar, Russian diplomacy would inevitably seek to divide the guarantors, and German and Austrian statesmen might enlist Russian aid for their new combinations by offering their aid to Russian possession of Czarigrad.

Conceivably this neutral state might be joined to Greece, thus restoring the ancient Byzantine empire and gratifying the ambition of all Greeks since Byzantium fell. But Greece could not defend it. Bulgaria, Servia, and Rumania would look with disfavor upon such an extension of influence of a rival. The whole Balkan Confederation might be revived, and Constantinople made a federal district, the capital of the confederacy joined together by a *zolverein;* but here again rival ambitions would clash, intrigue and jealousy promote quarrels and keep the Eastern question a menace to world peace.

There remains the possibility of Russian possession. To-day Russian armies have defeated the Turks in Armenia; the road to Constantinople by Ezerum is long and difficult, but Turkish military power, despite German aid, is still patently waning, and Turkish unity is increasingly threatened at home by intrigues against Enver Pasha, which new disasters have provoked. It is far from impossible that an army of the Czar may yet reach the Scutari peninsula, or approach the lines of the Chatalja, assisted by a Bulgarian army at last enlisted in the Slav cause.

In the last century France, Austria and Great Britain, collectively or severally, blocked Russian advance to the Bosporus. But Austrian power, even when backed by German, will be without weight if Russia emerges victorious from the present war, and only if she emerges victorious will the likely than that she should interpose a veto, if her ally asks Constantinople as part payment of the debt that will be due, if German armies are at last recalled from Champagne to defend Silesia, and Strassburg and Metz are "redeemed" by France.

As for Great Britain, her policy in the Near East is traditional, but time has modified the whole face of affairs. On this very subject Gabriel Hanotaux wrote a few years ago: "The question of the straits is confessedly one of the most troublesome in the world, but politics change with geography. It has no longer the same importance for the maritime powers since the Suez Canal was dug. Perhaps the hand of de Lesseps in modifying the geography of the Mediterranean has signed an unexpected codicil to the famous testament—authentic or not—of Peter the Great."

When Great Britain the other day annexed Egypt she gave Russia something more than a moral claim upon Constantinople. In fortifying her own position, in securing her own road to the East, she removed the chief obstacle, from her point of view, to Russian possession of the straits. Her necessity to possess Suez is not greater than that of Russia to hold the Stamboul gate to her own coasts.

If Russia and her Allies emerge victorious from the great war, they will have to face a Russia supreme on the Continent, more powerful on land than any nation since the France of Napoleon, her hands strengthened by the prostration of her neighbors, who were her natural rivals. Anatolia with its Turkish rulers will be indefensible against Russia. English military resources will not be adequate to hold Russia back along the new frontier from the Euphrates to the Himalayas; to oppose Russia on the Bosporus is to envisage fighting her ultimately in India, in Egypt, in the valley of the Euphrates.

Is it not more likely that England will make sure her own road, stretch her influence eastward into Arabia and southward on the Arabian shore of the Red Sea, leave to France the Syrian province of the Sultan, in which French influence has for centuries been supreme, reconcile herself to the arrival of Russia on and in the Middle Sea, rather than seek to thwart Russian ambition and thus perpetuate the Eastern question, possibly by again "backing the wrong horse?"

The right to hold the door, open or closed as the case may warrant, the door to Russian shores and seas—this Russia is certain to demand, if Germany be defeated, to demand with new insistence in view of her present isolation. It is barely conceivable that Britain might again prevent the Czar from realizing his ambition. But to do this would be to risk India and Egypt, to invite new war, with no

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for Imperial Russia. Constantinople may emerge a "republic" like the Panaman, but since the most peaceful of nations finds it necessary to fortify Panama, is it likely that Russia will find less need to defend the door to Odessa and Sebastopol? And would the world suffer if the Eastern question were at last relegated to the limbo of forgotten "questions," of pragmatic sanctions and family compacts?

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Cotton and Wool

UNLESS present indications are misleading, cotton is likely to profit more from developments arising out of the war than any other commodity, with the possible exception of wheat.

This, of course, is not the popular view. It is only a matter of a month or so since the pitiable plight of the cotton grower received such wide advertisement through the columns of the press and fervid Congressional rhetoric. Philanthropic bankers undertook the formation of a pool for $135,000,000 to consummate a valorization plan which it was considered unwise to effect through governmental aid. Southern Senators and members of Congress threatened to hold up appropriation bills and other pending legislation unless their agricultural constituents were afforded relief through governmental aid. The suggestions contained in these proposals smacked strongly of the hustings, and economic objections were denounced as spiteful manifestations of sectional animosity.

All this clamor has died away. Cotton has advanced. Since December eleventh, the day after the Department of Agriculture estimated the yield at 15,966,000 bales exclusive of "linters" (the short fibre obtained from the treatment of cotton seed at the oil mills), there has been an advance of approximately a hundred and eighty points, or about nine dollars per bale. The Southern grower, instead of obtaining a grudging bid of six cents per pound for his cotton, can now get eight cents. The South is paying its debts, and conditions are rapidly approaching normal.

This improvement has been in the nature of a perfectly natural recovery from panic. Europe has bought a little more than was expected, and exports, while still largely below the average of recent years, have shown such a surprising increase that confidence is returning. Germany, while unable to import freely, at any rate has bought an enormous quantity of cotton and stored it at warehouses in port and interior towns.

Close students of the textile situation are beginning to take the view that cotton, to a greater extent than ever before in history, will be forced to take the place of wool and flax. This is a develop-

involving changes of incalculable magnitude, the element of waste in clothing runs into staggering figures. In making calculations of the destruction of fabrics, one is almost inclined to doubt the verity of cold mathematical computations. Statisticians in the wool trade, for example, refuse to work out the multiplication of needs to logical conclusions. They cannot even admit the truth of their own figures.

There are 10,000,000 men on the firing lines, to say nothing of approximately that many more held in reserve. The troops on the firing lines wear out a uniform in only a little more than a month. According to British army specifications, which are, if anything, lighter than those of German and Russian military authorities, it requires six and a half pounds of clean wool to make a uniform, and ten pounds of clean wool for an overcoat. This is equivalent to a little more than thirty pounds of unscoured wool. For the 10,000,000 men on the firing lines, one uniform and overcoat per month would call for 300,000,000 pounds of unscoured wool. These garments, which have to be renewed once a month for seven months, would call for 2,100,000,000 pounds of unscoured wool. This calculation does not take into consideration demands for woolen underclothing, mufflers, sweaters, and woolen or fleece-lined gloves. Neither does it make allowance for the clothing necessities of probably 10,000,000 men held in reserve.

As a result of a recent ruling of the British Army Medical Corps, each soldier on the firing line is to be given a complete new clothing outfit, including underwear, socks, uniform, and overcoat each month. The old outfit is burned for sanitary reasons. This expedient was adopted in an experimental way during the Boer War. The results were so satisfactory that its general operation has been considered necessary for the health of the troops. Such information as has reached this country does not disclose similar practice by Germany, although the uniforms, owing to the hard usage given in the trenches, are said to be rendered practically useless in a month or so. The discarded garments, or what is left of them, are subjected to

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sions for a certain proportion of cotton which goes into "all-wool" garments, estimate that the needs of the war alone—for uniforms, overcoats, underclothing, socks, etc. as well as blankets for horses and men—will call for the wool-clip of 1,000,000,000 sheep per year. According to the most recent estimates, there are only about 603,000,000 sheep in the world. The output of unscoured wool for commerce is a little less than 3,000,000,000 pounds.

That military necessities will call for the wool output of 1,000,000,000 sheep when there are only about 600,000,000 in the world is unthinkable. Nevertheless, the needs are likely to prove so exigent that the problem of obtaining enough raw material for the clothing of the world's civil population will be sufficiently serious to occasion anxiety. The figures cannot be altogether misleading. Most of the men fighting in the armies of Europe are peasants who in peaceful pursuits would probably be satisfied with one suit of clothes in five years and an overcoat every ten years. On the basis of a new uniform every month, the European fighting men in one year are wearing out more clothes than they ordinarily would wear out in sixty years of peaceful existence.

The only fibre to which the textile world can turn to make substitution for its clothing necessities is cotton. Flax is practically out of the question. The Russian flax crop this season was forty per cent short of normal. The output of Ireland is too small to be of commercial importance in such a crisis. Belgium and northeastern France produce the finest flax known to commerce. The River Lys in peaceful times is lined for a hundred miles on both banks with the flax floats which have been sunk in its sluggish waters for the purpose of "retting." This year and next the Lys will yield none of its matchless fibre to the linen consumers of the world. Moreover, the loss of Belgium flax seed will be severely felt, as this is considered more desirable for planting than any other variety. The best authorities in the linen trade both in this country and Europe take the view that there would be a great shortage of linen until 1917 even if the war should stop immediately.

On these premises, therefore, it looks as if the cotton crop of the South would be forced to fill the gap made by an almost unbelievable shortage in woolen and linen fabrics. It makes no difference whether the increased use of cotton comes from the adulteration of "all-wool" fabrics, or by way of complete substitution. It may even be doubted whether the increase will be wholly temporary. Cotton has a habit of extending its uses and holding most of the gain. By the time this war is over the world may find that it has lost nothing through the

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Emerson's Feeling Toward Reform

"MADMEN, madwomen, men with beards, Dunkers, Muggletonians, Come-outers, Groaners, Agrarians, Seventh-day-Baptists, Quakers, Abolitionists, Calvinists, Unitarians, and Philosophers"—were the sorts of participants in the Chardon Street Convention in Boston, 1840, who stirred Emerson and all his fellows of that day to gentle cynicism, if not to open satire. The youthful Lowell took his fling at the miscellaneous reformer, first in his Commencement Poem and later, very happily, in the essay on Thoreau. Thoreau believed that the profession of doing good was overcrowded; moreover, he had tried it, and found that it didn't agree with his constitution. Hawthorne made Hollingsworth, the prison-reformer of the "Blithedale Romance," stride over the bodies of his worshippers. Higginson indulged in the usual epigrams in his life of George Ripley. And Emerson, though playful on the subject at times, gave as his conclusion of the matter that "The reforms whose fame now fills the land with Temperance, Anti-Slavery, Non-Resistance, No Government, Equal Labor, fair and generous as each appears, are poor bitter things when prosecuted for themselves as an end."

For the very reason that he distrusted any scheme of reform as a finality, he was averse to laying down a universal rule for joining in social movements or refraining from them. The best single recipe he ever invented left everything to the judgment of the cook: "Solitude is impracticable, and society fatal. We must keep our head in the one and our hands in the other. The conditions are met if we keep our independence yet do not lose our sympathy." But in the matter of proportions he was as vague as Miss Parloa with her "spoonfuls."

His own course was perfectly clear to him. Sympathy with a good cause need not, and often should not, invoke partnership in it. He was of all men independent. Too much association would dull his faculties and thwart his usefulness. So he held off even from Brook Farm, and whimsically deplored the pathetic failure at Fruitlands. He was in the earliest councils on Brook Farm. He even would have been glad to be swept in, but without any choice of his own he stood unmoved as Minot's Ledge while the tide surged beyond him. When the Ripleys and Alcott and Margaret Fuller came to his house to talk things over, "not once could I be inflamed, but sat aloof and thoughtless; . . . I do not wish to remove from my present prison to a prison a little larger. I wish to break all prisons.

coop, and march away to a pretended siege of Babylon? It seems to me that to do so were to dodge the problem I am set to solve, and to hide my impotency in the thick of a crowd." So, as in the case of administering the sacrament before he left his Boston pulpit, the end of his opposition to this reform, and to most reforms, was that he could not be interested in it. He was content to have it thrive if it pleased God and pleased man, and ready to rejoice in all the good that it could do. He was mildly pleased at the pleasures of the Brook Farmers, and full of regret at the foredoomed failure of Alcott and Lane and Wright in their naïvely ethe-realized Fruitlands venture. Keeping his head in solitude did not rob him of sympathy for his friends or for their schemes.

It was not so easy for him to see good in many of the more aggressive plans for human uplift, or to look charitably on them. His friends who formed these two communistic enterprises were planning only to withdraw a little from the open road, to breathe nobody's dust, and to live their associated lives under agreeable conditions. If they were not individually isolated, they were at least cultivating a little communized solitude of their own. But when it came to the bigger propagandist schemes, while Mr. Emerson would not have put it that way, he could listen tolerantly when his young friend Henry blurted out, "Wherever I go, men pursue me and paw me with their dirty institutions, and try to constrain me into their desperate odd-fellow society."

When Brook Farm was taken into the camp of Fourierism under the spell of Albert Brisbane's eloquence, Emerson began to criticize. The old family party was well enough for those who liked it, but this new scheme which provided for all mankind and the whole globe, this was too ambitious. It included not only the equator and both poles in its reckonings, but also Concord, Mass.; and it was bound to reckon not only with the disappointments of a handful of friends, but with possible disaster to the millions whom it was zealous to warp out of their own orbits.

Emerson's criticism was very friendly. He could not have wielded, if he had wanted to, the abusive fluency which is the especial gift of the startled conservative. It was not in him to impugn motives. He who knew no system, who could not even argue, must show deference to the magnificent sweep and the minute ingenuity of a Fourier, who could include even "the hyaena, the jackal, the gnat, the bug, the flea [as] beneficent parts of the system." And he admired Brisbane's apostolic powers too. Hence, free from all hostility, Emerson's strictures upon their socialistic plan are fairly representative of what

error. This one fact, "namely Life," was the basic fact skipped by the enthusiast—even the advocate of a noble cause. Man in the aggregate never could be handled as material to "be put up or down, repelled or retarded, moulded, polished, made into solid or fluid or gas, at the will of the leader." As for the "small, sour and fierce schemes" of the day, each with its own little set of proprietors, Emerson's head was so high in solitude that only the distant hum of them reached his ears.

Emerson's world was inhabited by self-reliant individuals. He could not believe in planning communities which would magically influence the residents to believe as they ought. What he wanted was to have men so believe that they would make their own towns ideal. This was the difference between the sages of Concord and Chelsea, that Carlyle hoped for the day when the governing class would make ideal rulers, and Emerson awaited the future when men would so conduct themselves that government would have only to handle the irreducible minimum of public business. "The criticism and attack on institutions, which we have witnessed, has made one thing plain, that society gains nothing whilst a man, not himself renovated, attempts to renovate things around him: he has become tediously good in some particulars, but negligent or narrow in the rest; and hypocrisy and vanity are often the disgusting result."

This danger to the reformer, which comes from his having continually to live up to his own formula in the eyes of the world, crops up here and there in Emerson's pages. He says little of the more primitive kind of hypocrisy which borrows the cloak of the reformer. Possibly the Gentle Art of Dabbling was not as common then as now. People who step on to the moving sidewalk after it is built and call attention to how smoothly it runs, volunteer helpers who volunteer noisily and help imperceptibly, members of City Clubs who "figure" that being on service committees may win them useful friends—if he knew of such or their analogues in his day he wasted little passion on them. He was thinking in positive terms rather than in negations; and with a whole philosophy compounded of acquiescence and optimism, he pointed always to the things that are more excellent, and bided his time.

The reader of Emerson to-day is quite as optimistic as he was, but rather less acquiescent. For certain vital things have happened since he wrote "The New England Reformers" and edited *The Dial*. Time,—Emerson's "little gray man"—who could perform the miracle of continual change in men and life, has achieved nothing more miraculous than his recent feat of focusing our social vision with a wide angle lens. Millions of us are try-

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thus it comes about, particularly for the well-disposed who have no Emersonian heads to keep long in solitude, that the plunging of their hands into society, honestly up to the elbows or even to the armpits, is more than a harmless diversion, more even than a useful social exercise; it is a way toward the confirming of that optimism which is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

A Letter to the American People

MY Friends: A cat, they say, may look at a king without impertinence; perhaps, then, an individual may be allowed to address a nation.

An Englishman must address Americans at this time with a peculiar accent of gratitude. I speak, not of politics nor of political sympathies, but of personal relations almost too intimate for expression—of a debt for pain relieved, for sickness healed, for the tidings which have stilled anxiety or sweetened sorrow. And for this very reason, because we have passed beyond the old Anglo-American sentiments of Pilgrims' banquets, I will not apologize for plain speaking.

Your press and your public men have done us much honor—far more than we as a people have deserved. In your judgment on the causes of this war you have been kind to us, perhaps too kind; your sympathy has been outspoken and has indeed encouraged in us a self-satisfied introspection not entirely natural or healthy. But you have judged and criticized as men aloof, untouched by the sharp siftings of history. You have regarded this as a European war, not only in its geography but in its deep-seated origins. By so doing, have you not missed the lesson of these months?

We have heard much lately about "nationality." Servia and Belgium alike fight in its name. Socialists have publicly modified their attitude towards it. Germany, as Professor Patten has well explained in THE NEW REPUBLIC, has found in "culture" a truer test of nationality than in racial characteristics, and for that test she fights.

Now, whatever Americans or Europeans may think of the idea of nationality to-day, Americans as well as Europeans are its creators. Indeed, the United States was born in its arms, with Kosciusko standing by the cradle. Our fathers on both sides of the Atlantic hailed Mazzini as the preacher of new ideals almost divine, and the era which saw Garibaldi fêted in London, saw also Kossuth invited to speak on the floor of Congress. If this idea to-day, more terribly than ever before, is become not, as we dreamt, the pledge of peace but the gage of battle, who shall escape responsibility? this a war to end wars. That has been the ideal of democracy, at least, ever since Cobden, but after all these years, must we not confess that the wars of democracy are as many as the crimes of liberty? You, as a nation, are proud of your title as the forerunners of democracy. What fruit has your preaching borne?

It is the same with that rule of law in international affairs which you have coupled with the idea of democracy. You have stood in the forefront of the movement which promised us peace through law-making treaties enforced by an international court. The true shame of this war has been not that Belgian neutrality was violated but that it was violable—that we should have been led to fix the highest hopes of which mankind is capable on a charter of peace so flimsy.

And thus, even as Germany casts off racialism for the newer standard of culture, so Bernard Shaw proclaims that mere democracy can never bring peace unless it be assimilated to the newer gospel of international socialism. And, going deeper still, Dr. Eliot, if the cables do not misrepresent him, has announced the failure of spiritual religion to secure peace and its necessary suppression by ethical standards and the rule of law. Science is to win where love has failed, and the heights of self-sacrifice which could not be scaled by the Son of God are to be reached victoriously by educated and enfranchised man. We who have marred the human form when we believed it to be the image of God are to be deterred from our cruelty, as another writer in THE NEW REPUBLIC has urged, by the thought of the treasures of education laboriously stored in our brother's mind.

This is the true dance of death. Statesmen and kings may hurl their peoples to destruction, but ideas, which are the only force against bullets, are the only force behind them, too. The insane self-satisfaction of the thinker in each new-minted conception of the scheme of creation; the popular love for the last brilliant political theorist or the last half-interpretation of the most recently perceived mystery of science; the false promises of peace which seem, by some strange but most just

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these are the true ingredients and causes of this struggle, and for these you are called to repentance as much as we. They say it takes two to make a quarrel, but it takes a whole world to make peace. And it may well be that peace waits for a confession of failure, even a confession of guilt, from you, as humble and as clear-eyed as that to which Europe is slowly being brought by suffering. How much longer will you, as well as we, persist in buying the noblest hopes of men in the currency of our presumptions and illusions?

This is what England needs of you; not armed assistance nor unneutral sympathy, still less mutual encouragement in an ignoble Pharisaism, but the simple recognition of a common failure and of the need to learn. We shall fight the better for it, and indeed it is already the foundation of our growing strength, for the people of this country have learned more than our orators or our press, and to you it shall be the only effective preparation for the task of peacemaker which you hope to assume—a task only to be entered upon in the consciousness of common interests intimately felt, not on the basis of preconceived theories untouched by the sufferings of a continent.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

Organizing Retail Trade

LIKE the fruit growers in California and the farmers in the wheat states, retailers have begun to seek cooperation as a means of self-defense. Appreciation of the menaces to their business life has provided an urgent motive for cooperation amongst numerous groups of retailers in the drug, hardware, jewelry, and grocery trades, with occasional instances elsewhere. The forms of these associations and the conditions which have brought them into existence vary, but the ever present menace has been the price-cutter.

The retail druggist was the first to find himself in a precarious position through having his trade invaded by price-cutters. The trouble started about twenty years ago, when the department stores added patent medicines and other proprietary articles to their stock of merchandise and began to slaughter prices. Later the chain stores brought this price-cutting even closer to the doors of the independent druggists. Other means of defense proving of no avail, the druggists began to form associations for buying their supplies, in order to get the same terms as their big competitors who were demanding and receiving wholesaler's discounts from the manufacturers. Within fifteen years these cooperative societies have been established in many parts of the United States, manufacture part of their supplies and to develop their own trade-marks. Some of these associations are local, including only druggists in a single city or locality; others draw their members from a much wider area; but all have been organized for the same purpose.

Retail grocers in some of the larger cities have been driven to desperation by the inroads of the chain stores with cut prices. Occasionally department stores have caused them trouble, but owing to the common practice of locating grocery stores in the residential districts, the competition of chain stores has been more serious. Where this competition has become most ruinous, cooperative buying associations have been formed by the local independent retailers.

Hardware dealers, to give a third example, have found the large mail order houses their great danger. Neither department stores nor chain stores flourish in the hardware trade. In those districts where mail order competition has been most severely felt, the hardware stores have begun, in a few instances, to cooperate in their buying, since they also feel that it is in buying that they are at a disadvantage.

The trades where cooperative buying has been developing are precisely those where the wholesaler has retained his strongest foothold. In each, direct buying is difficult for the average retailer, since he must obtain a wide variety of goods in small lots. These goods are produced by many different manufacturers who usually wish to sell in wholesale quantities with less risk than would be incurred in granting credit to a multitude of relatively small retailers. The cooperative buying association performs the wholesaler's functions by buying wholesale lots to be parceled out in small quantities according to the diversified needs of its members. The association also assumes the responsibility of securing payment for the merchandise.

The capital necessary for the operation of each association has been supplied by its members. In one type of association each member holds one share of stock, for which he pays fifty or a hundred dollars, as the case may be. He is not permitted to hold more than one share and his dividends are in proportion to his purchases. This is a direct application of the Rochdale plan of organization. Associations of another type permit members to buy as much stock as they wish, and the profits are paid in the form of dividends on the stock, irrespective of the quantity of goods purchased by each member. Such associations are merely stock companies with retail shareholders. Although they usually have a reserve of stock from which shares can be sold to any qualified re-

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garchic, that they will be looked upon primarily as opportunities for investment and not be most valued as purchasing agencies.

Although the members are under no compulsion to buy from an association, they have a financial interest in doing so. They will buy from a wholesaler only when they can in that way obtain lower prices or better service. This simplifies somewhat the problems of managing such an association. No salesmen are employed. The members give their orders direct to the central office, either in person or by telephone or mail. Credit risks are eliminated by selling only for cash. Delivery expense is cut out by requiring the members to do their own hauling or by charging extra for delivery. Thus the members perform for themselves, at their own expense, certain services which they regularly expect from the wholesalers. This policy helps to explain why the cooperative association operates more cheaply than a wholesaler. It also indicates a limitation which restricts the membership to retailers who have the time to buy in this way and who are strong enough financially to pay cash. Despite the fact that many small retailers are thus prevented from joining a buying association, any other credit policy would be risky and unwise.

The most serious danger which threatens the cooperative buying movement is the activity of outside promoters. For any cooperative buying association to be really successful, the cooperators must be imbued with the cooperative spirit. They must be ready to band together of their own accord to alleviate their hardships. The stimulus should come from within rather than from without. Consequently those associations which have been organized by men who were not themselves directly engaged in retail trade are weak. Such promoters have been interested in selling stock or in providing a job for themselves, perhaps at the expense of their associates. The ultimate failure of some of these associations may cast a blight upon the whole movement.

Retailers commonly believe that their inability to meet the cut prices of their big competitors is chiefly due to a disadvantage in buying. Although this disadvantage is oftentimes a real one, there is a tendency to overestimate its importance, and to fail to realize that the big organizations have other extraordinary expenses. Even if he could buy at the lowest prices, many a retailer would still be unsuccessful, owing to the laxity and inefficiency of his own methods. Properly organized cooperative buying associations are a valuable means of protection, but the fundamental need is for the individual retailer to improve the management of his own business. Unless the retailer puts his own

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Verse in Congress

OF the many apologists of the present Congress, no one has thought to praise the verse which it has contributed to the *Congressional Record*. That publication inadvertently contains much uninteresting matter on Rivers and Harbors Appropriation bills, Immigration, National Defense, Alaskan Railways, Emergency Revenue legislation, the Philippines bill, Post Office Appropriation bills, Woman Suffrage, fiction, illustrations, diagrams and statistics, but its existence would be justified if only by the gems of poesy whose lustre illumes its musty pages. No one has yet compiled an anthology of the verse in the *Congressional Record*. And so the motives which have prompted these poetic incursions and excursions, the danger that any given bill will provoke the debaters to recite poetry, await the critical labors and the elucidation of some famous anthologist of the future. He will be able to show clearly whether the death of a Representative will evoke more poetry than a report of the Committee on Indian Affairs; or whether the verse of Shakespeare, Kipling, Tennyson, or some one of the many noted journalists of Ohio, Tennessee or Illinois, is most in favor with the debaters of, for instance, the General Dam bill. And if the charge should be made that Congressmen betake themselves to the literary bung-hole whence issues a thin stream of Milton in lieu of reason and argument on some mischievous water-power clause, the anthologist will, it is to be hoped, triumphantly refute the charge.

The variety of verse in the *Congressional Record* is bewildering. The reader of discriminating taste will linger over a poem home-made or "made in America," entitled "Out Where The West Begins." Anthologists would undoubtedly include these stirring lines:

> "Out where the hand clasp's a little stronger,
> Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
> That's where the West begins.
>
> Out where the sun's a little brighter,
> Where the snow that falls is a little whiter,
> Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter—
> That's where the West begins."

There is a special kind of verse which is nearly always written by one referred to in Congress as an inspired bard. Senator Vardaman, in the discussion of salaries of employees, favors the nation with these "immortal lines of England's inspired bard:"

> "No easy hopes or lies
> Shall bring us to our goal,
> But iron sacrifice
> Of body, will, and soul.
>
> There's but one task for all;
> For each one life to give

It is, of course, a very poetic way of saying that we must economize on the salaries of government employees. Mr. Vardaman phrases very adroitly many sentiments which, if uttered in the prose of debate, might have a dangerously usual sound. For instance, in debate on cooperative extension agricultural work, instead of referring to a certain kind of person as a farmer, he alludes to him in these terms: ". . . the earnest husbandman

'Who sees God's love in the fragrant rose,
His strength in each rolling sphere;
Who feels his touch as the zephyr blows,
And knows that his mercy for all like a river flows
And his soul has ceased to fear.'"

Occasionally where the immortal bard, who is usually Tennyson, though that nickname is not invariably his, does not adequately express his meaning, the Senator improves the verse, and, as in his remarks on emergency revenue legislation, thanks God, "to paraphrase the language of another, that—

'The war drum throbs no longer,
And the battle flags are furled
In this reunited country,
The greatest in the world.' "

The poem thus acquires a patriotic significance which of course it would not have been possible for an Englishman like Tennyson to impart, unaided. The patriotic note is again struck by the gentleman from Minnesota anent the Philippines bill, when he cries, "We hurl back the insinuation against our national honor, and still sing:

'Then conquer we must when our cause it is just
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.' "

The note "[Applause from the Republican Side]" vindicates the patriotism of the members of that party.

Not all the verse in the *Record* is of such lofty and elevated nature. Occasionally the Representative is stirred to satire. Mr. Kent furnishes a happy example in the discussion of National Appropriations for Roads. He quotes from "one of the great poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes, entitled 'The Specter Pig,' which concerns the genesis and manufacture of pork as applied to the present bill." It begins:

"It was the stalwart butcher man
That knit his swarthy brow,
And swore the gentle pig must die
And sealed it with a vow.

And oh, it was the gentle pig
Lay stretched upon the ground,
And ah, it was the cruel knife
His little heart that found."

Nor was the Philippines bill without its satiric thrusts. The gentleman from Tennessee confesses that the speech of the gentleman from Pennsylvania

"A LITTLE DOG

A little dog barked at the big, round moon
Which smiled in the evening sky,
And the natives smote him with rocks and stones,
But still he continued his rageful tones,
And he barked till his throat was dry,"

with other stanzas.

One is prepared for reversions to Mark Antony's—

"They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will no doubt with reasons answer you,"

apropos of the side-tracking of a bill dear to the heart of the gentleman from Oregon. And a quotation from *The Merchant of Venice* is perhaps inevitable:

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat,
As there is no firm reason to be rend'red
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat.
So I can give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio."

Shakespeare, Crabbe, Byron, Kipling, Sir William Jones, Milton, Bryant, Samuel Butler, all jog by, accompanied by less respectable rhymes, such as the lament of the gentleman from Connecticut at her treatment by her sister states:

"Who used to share in what was mine,
Or take it all did he incline,
'Cause I was eight and he was nine?
My brother."

It is a notable fact that the opponents to granting women the vote are very susceptible to poetry. They relish particularly

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world,"

and one of them, Mr. Bartlett of Georgia, indulges in a description kindly furnished by Tennyson of the son of his pet mother:

"Happy he
With such a mother; faith in womankind
Beats in his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him; and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

Mr. Bowdle of Ohio "loves those women whose functions are so beautifully described in Byron's tragedy of Sardanapalus

"The first of human life is drawn from woman's breast;
Our first small words are taught us at her knee;
And our last sighs are too often breathed out in
A woman's hearing, when others have fled the ignoble
Task of watching beside him who led them.' "

It would be impossible in space short of a volume to reproduce the solemn twaddle that is uttered by one Congressman after another when the death of one of their number gives occasion. Each dead Representative reposes in "the bosom of his Father and

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"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

And he sacrificed himself upon the altar of duty, and has departed finally to

"That undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns."

The storied urn and the animated bust ramp through these obituary speeches, angels sit beside the tomb, and flattery seeks in vain to soothe the dull, cold ear of death.

But the palm might be accorded to Mr. Ransdell for his remarks on the subject of the "Angel-heralded Babe." Mr. Ransdell says: "The association of ideas that link babies and Christmas so beautifully together should inspire within every heart a more generous appreciation of these little ones—

'Whose gentle souls might be
Tuned to highest minstrelsy.'"

Upon which Mr. Du Pont appropriately suggested the absence of a quorum.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Popular Government League

SIR: In your January ninth issue I noted an editorial referring to the National Popular Government League and its recent meeting. As a member of the League, and as chairman of the resolutions committee of the meeting, I can assure you that you seriously misinterpret the meeting in all three points which you raise in the editorial.

Your editorial can be taken up under three heads:

First, you assume that the attitude of the League was "significantly apologetic," because Senator Owen "discoursed not upon the successes and conquests of direct government, but on the nation-wide attack on its measures."

In reply it may be said that members of the League are generally well informed upon the successes and conquests of "direct government," and take them sufficiently for granted, with the best of reasons, not to feel like spending valuable time at a conference on mere jubilation. Senator Owen's address was particularly fitting and timely. The nation-wide attack on popular government measures, particularly on account of its secrecy and subtlety, required the careful exposure he gave it. It is sufficient tribute to the essential soundness of such measures that this widespread attack is forced into secrecy and subtlety. Popular government measures, in spite of the occasional crudities with which in the early days of their adoption they have been beset, and the jokers which standpatters have sometimes forced into them, are already so deeply rooted in the affections of the voters that no one thinks of an open, frontal attack. In a council of war one considers the present tactics and plans of the enemy, with little time spent on jubilation over previous victories. And Senator Owen was doing valuable scout duty in reporting, as few others could possibly do, on the present schemes of the enemy.

In the next place, you mistakenly assume that the subject "What is the matter with the direct primary?" to which one session was devoted, was a question asked in a disappointed frame of mind. In fact, apology or disappointment was so far from our minds that we were not as careful as we might well have been to avoid a topic that you and probably others might very readily misinterpret. On the contrary, I believe there was not a person present who would seriously propose going back to the old system; and I believe that the sentiment of the meeting was accurately expressed by one speaker whose address on the subject closed with the remark: "It certainly looks as if the way to mend the primary is to end it; not as a reactionary step but as a step still further forward to effective expression of made of the direct primary was that it is still too little of the nature of popular government, not that it is too much.

In the next place, you wholly misconstrue the temper of the meeting when you imply that the purpose of the inquiry as to "how progressives of all parties can get together," was simply a plan to get control of the government. What I think was a correct expression of the views of the meeting was the speech of Mr. Edmund B. Osborn of New Jersey. This address was certainly as aglow with a clear-cut, concrete statement of social and economic purpose as any one could fairly wish. Least of all is the Popular Government League a crowd of office-seekers, or a crowd who would merely "get control of the government." Its purpose is, in a non-partisan manner, merely to acquaint the American people with suitable and convenient means by which they can secure and maintain control over their own affairs and to help get them into use.

Above all things, you should not harbor the delusion that those who sincerely favor the realization of effective popular government in this country have anything "apologetic" in their systems. The experience of the last dozen years fills them with the completest confidence that they are on the right track, are steadily approaching their goal, and that the result will be a substantial, gratifying and permanent advance toward the justification of the momentous experiment led by Jefferson, Hancock and Washington.

LEWIS J. JOHNSON.

Cambridge, Mass.

Business Experts in the Colleges

SIR: As a contribution to your discussion of the American Electric Railway Association's proposed educational propaganda for bringing the public to a better understanding of a situation involving their mutual interests, may I point to what has always been a matter of course with the leading universities and technical institutions of instruction? As a rule their specialists in lines of applied science or knowledge are men of large experience in practical affairs. Only in this way can they command the talent necessary to competent instruction. I may instance the eminent chemists, architects, engineers, etc., who are members of the faculty at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and at Harvard University. These men, as a rule, are engaged in consulting practice and some of them occupy important official positions in the service of the public and of corporations. Professor Swain, lately called to Harvard from the Institute of

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Boston Transit Commission, a board under authority of the commonwealth and the city, jointly. He also has an important consulting practice. Professor Cram of the Institute of Technology and Professor Warren of Harvard are both eminent architects in extensive practice. In the Harvard School of Business Administration Mr. Edgar J. Rich, general solicitor for the Boston & Maine Railroad, is a most valued lecturer upon railway affairs. Mr. Russell Robb, of the engineering house of Stone and Webster, which administers large public-service corporations in many parts of the United States, is another lecturer in the same school, the faculty of which is largely composed of experts connected with great business. Without such men these institutions would be crippled; it is because of their very connection with large business of various sorts that their services are valued so highly and that they attract students to sit under them. As to Professor Rood's suggestion that the "emissaries" from the American Electric Railway Association be welcomed with their "business propaganda," which he regards as needed, might it not be better to treat them not as "emissaries," sent perhaps from a hostile camp and to be received under suspicion, but definitely to engage them as lecturers, or otherwise—just as Harvard, "Tech" and other universities do—as men possessing valuable information about practical operation of necessary services which it is essential for all students of such matters to know?

Boston. SYLVESTER BAXTER.

The Trade Commission a Reversal?

SIR: In discussing the Federal Trade Commission act in your issue of January ninth, you draw certain inferences regarding the present temper of Congress and the President toward the trust question, and make certain predictions as to the probable effects of that legislation which the present writer would fain accept *in toto*. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, the predictions seem to him unduly optimistic; while the analysis of the prevailing governmental attitude impresses him as more charitable than the facts permit.

Your argument, it seems to me, comes to this: that the Trade Commission act is a reversal of American policy toward combinations and monopolies in two respects: (1) in placing the emphasis of governmental supervision upon specific wrongful acts rather than upon abstract power, and (2) in confiding the task of this supervision to an administrative body instead of to the courts. From this you infer a spirit of diminished hostility toward size and power as such, and conclude that the remedy by way of the Commission will shortly supplant the enforcement of the anti-trust laws through judicial process, either at the suit of the Government or of the aggrieved individual.

If this should be the ultimate outcome of the act, it will not be for want of provision against it by the present Congress. The Clayton act, practically contemporaneous with the Trade Commission law, for the first time gives the private individual the remedy of injunction against violations of the anti-trust laws which result in his injury, besides extending to him the right to recover triple damages for the new offenses which it creates. These new offenses seem to be made misdemeanors on the part of the directors, officers and agents of the corporation, punishable by fine and imprisonment. The act explicitly empowers the Attorney-General to prevent its violation by suit in equity for an injunction. It further makes any judgment rendered in favor of the Government, in either a civil or criminal proceeding—with the sole exception of "consent decrees" in equity cases—*prima facie* evidence of the facts established thereby in favor of any private person who sees fit to sue the same combination.

All this shows no disposition to weaken or relax the remedies of either Government or individual through ordinary judicial process. On the contrary, it exhibits a clear intention to facilitate that mode of recovery by the individual and to preserve the Government's existing remedies at least *in statu quo*. Only the "unfair methods of competition" denounced by the Trade Commission act are placed under the exclusive original jurisdiction of the new tribunal.

Neither does the enumeration of new specific offenses contained in the Clayton act suggest any perception of the fact that the whole matter should ultimately be left to the discretion of an administrative body, to be dealt with according to the circumstances of the particular case. Local price-cutting, restrictions on the use or sale of a competitor's goods by a purchaser or lessee of patented articles, ownership of the stock of potential competitors, interlocking directorates among certain classes of corporations—all these are put under the ban, the last-named absolutely, the others subject only to the qualification that their tendency be substantially to lessen competition or create a monopoly, as it almost invariably would be. The Trade Commission, it is true, is given jurisdiction concurrent with that of the Attorney-General and the courts to prevent such practices. But the finding of the Commission in the defendant's favor is given no legal weight in an independent judicial proceeding, whatever its moral sanction may prove to be. If in spite of these various prohibitions it be suggested that at least mere size is no longer considered a menace, the suggestion may be met by pointing to the provision exempting from the interlocking directorate provision corporations with less than $1,000,000 capital, surplus and undivided profits.

In short, the Trade Commission act can at best be regarded as an attempt to provide an additional club, along with additional taboos, for the destruction of that bugaboo, monopoly. I am inclined to hope with you that this new instrument may in time supplant the old. To my mind, however, this cannot come about until Congress, the President, and the public come to realize that whether a particular combination or monopoly is in "undue" restraint of trade is rationally, if not historically, an administrative rather than a legal question, to be answered on economic and social grounds and not by the application of any lawyer's rule of thumb. That day is not yet; and until it arrives, I see no particular cause for elation over the forging of a new weapon against "Big Business." Its coming may indeed be hastened by the use made of that weapon, and particularly by the viewpoint of the Commission toward the tasks confided to it. Yet however enlightened that point of view may be, it can avail but little, save as a means of public education, unless it is concurred in and vigorously supported by the Administration.

There is nothing in the record of the present Administration to suggest that any relaxation of the traditional attitude of suspicion toward "Big Business" will be countenanced. The investigation by the Department of Justice into the causes of the recent rise in wheat, which the President, according to the newspapers, has ordered—and, by an unhappy coincidence, ordered within a week of his Indianapolis speech deploring the inability of the wheat grower to command a price for his product commensurate with the unprecedented demand in Europe—is a fair illustration of this attitude. Neither do th[illegible]

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Republican leaders shine by comparison; to them, too, monopoly is a synonym of despotic abuse of power, and the thought of tolerating the hated thing sufficiently to regulate it is wholly abhorrent. Not many months ago this very issue came near causing a rift in the simon-pure Progressive lute.

I am far from believing that the Trade Commission act is without signs of promise. It is an excellent measure so far as it goes; but it does not go very far. Having some acquaintance with the very real powers of decision which have been confided to the Interstate Commerce Commission, I refuse to wax enthusiastic over the simulacrum of power of a body which can effectively decide a controversy only one way. As you finally suggest, the Congress which passed the measure has probably builded better than it knew. Unquestionably it has done its building in the dark.

KARL W. KIRCHWEY.

New York City.

Was Belgium Neutral?

SIR: Mr. R. G. Usher's negative reply to this question rests on a confusion between armed and unarmed neutrality. The neutrality of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg is unarmed, i.e., it is allowed to have neither fortress nor army, and must therefore be passive in war-time. Belgium was bound to assume the expense and trouble of having both, and had them long before the German empire or the threat of German invasion existed. Antwerp, far away from our German frontier, has been fortified for over half a century, and Belgium has had an army from the first day of its existence. Here Mr. Usher's facts are clearly wrong. In the time of Napoleon III, when we might fear an invasion from France, it was our duty to ourselves, to Germany and to England to prepare against a possible attack from Paris. After 1871, our duty remained identically the same, although the danger was on the other side. Neutrality had been laid upon us by the Powers, including Prussia, as a burden which we could not throw off. If the Powers had candidly warned us that the treaty of 1839 was void or canceled, many of our statesmen would have been pleased at the country's acquiring the freedom to safeguard her interests by alliances. Our defence could then have been much more effective.

A minor mistake of Mr. Usher's is to assume that our fortifications were prepared "with the advice, at least, of English and French generals." They are the work of the Belgian general, Brialmont, in his lifetime the highest world-authority on the science of fortification, and the author, it is believed, of the Rumanian system of fortresses.

The conduct of Belgium has been exactly that of a nation bound by the obligations of armed neutrality.

P. HAMELIN.

Professor in the University of Liège.

Ambassadors' Houses

SIR: I regret that THE NEW REPUBLIC (for which my admiration is enthusiastic) has laid itself open to the charge of not "thinking straight." In an editorial paragraph relating to the "housing" of American ambassadors in Europe, you call attention to the fact that while at the beginning of the war "the European embassies seemed fairly congested with inefficiency," our American representatives are most admirably performing their that there is nothing "real" or important in the task of endeavoring to preserve the world's peace, and merely beg to call your attention to the fact that in contrasting the able activities of "our Whitlocks, van Dykes and Pages," (*le pauvre M. Herrick—ou vas tu te nicher?*) all, let us assume, sojourning democratically in chicken-coops with the failure of the European ambassadors to avert war from their palaces, you are neither "thinking straight" nor playing fair. The problem confronting the ambassadors of Europe was appallingly great and hideously complicated. That which our ambassadors and ministers are endeavoring to solve is a comparatively simple if extensive problem in commerce and philanthropy; the expenditure of large sums of money and the distribution of food, clothing and medical supplies. These two problems have nothing in common—they demanded qualities and abilities of a strikingly different order. I do not in the least doubt that half a dozen competent general freight agents assisted by the secretaries of a few King's Daughters societies would be quite as efficient in accomplishing the tasks of our Whitlocks, van Dykes and Pages as are those altogether estimable gentlemen themselves. Without question they deserve all your praise, but why praise them at the expense of their European colleagues?

NIEGEL FELTON.

St. Paul.

Anti-Suffrage Opposed

SIR: The letter in the January sixteenth number of THE NEW REPUBLIC, signed Margaret C. Robinson, is typical of the tone and material used by anti-suffrage women. Your correspondent says: "It is a most interesting fact that prophecies of what suffrage will do are practically never based upon experience of what suffrage has done." Thus far we agree. I am not of the alleged opinion of the unnamed "suffragist clergyman" that "facts have nothing to do with this question." Facts and statistics are both valuable and convincing, but the deductions from them must be made with fairness. As an example of false deduction, let me cite your correspondent's statement in regard to child labor laws, which she says "are not so good in woman suffrage states as in male suffrage states"—which in some instances is true—implying that the woman's vote is responsible for the state's neglect of children. She fails, however, to mention the fact that in her state alone, Massachusetts, there are more than ten times as many children in industry as there are in all the eleven woman suffrage states together. Now my deduction from these facts is not that woman suffrage has kept children snug by the fireside, but simply that these states are not industrial states, and legislation on child labor is there not a crying need. In spite of this, laws protecting child laborers do exist in the West. Judge Lindsey called attention to the fact that Massachusetts had no prairie-dog law.

The anti-suffrage woman is in a trying position which makes it necessary for her to attempt to prove that women are fundamentally such worthless and undependable creatures that, being granted the franchise, by its exercise they drive children to hard labor and to crime, reduce schools to a state of poverty and inefficiency, plunge nations into war, and neglect all their traditional duties. That there exist today women who are willing to take such a stand and who are eager to condemn women voters for their failure to bring about a state approaching perfection, is the anti-suffragist's very best argument.

JOSEPHINE B. BENNETT.

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Granville Barker in New York

The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife, a comedy by Anatole France. Androcles and the Lion, a fable play by Bernard Shaw. Presented at Wallack's Theater, New York, January 27, 1915.

POLLEN flies on the wind. When the European hurricane broke loose, it swept to these shores more than one stray fertile artist, and among them Mr. Granville Barker. For several weeks Mr. Barker has kept theatrical New York in mild tension, rehearsing his company of fellow-exiles in the absence of the scenery for his plays. It was a question whether the agents of "Kultur" could or could not succeed in sending Mr. Barker's lion to the bottom, or perhaps return with it to their own land as a somewhat desiccated trophy of the chase. But fortune favored Mr. Barker. The scenery and the properties are here, the doctrine of eminent sea power working to the greater glory of Broadway.

As a prelude to "Androcles and the Lion," Mr. Barker's first curtain in New York rose on the squib by Anatole France, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." It was an American, however, Mr. Robert E. Jones, who created the decorations for this piece. The comedy is perhaps the oldest in the world. At its basis is the amiable conception that a silent woman is the gift of God. But like most mortals, Master Leonard Botal has not the simplicity to leave well enough alone. His wife is dumb, and he is touched with pity. He invokes the specialists of his age to restore the beautiful creature to speech, an operation in which they triumph only too well. They strike the rock, but they put no spigot on its stream. In the deluge that follows Master Botal strives blindly to swim. He shrieks for the specialists, this time to turn off the flood, but instead of rescuing the poor floundering male, they too are swamped by Catherine. Then a big idea dawns on them. They make Botal deaf. They set him on a seraphic island of silence in a sea of marital chatter. It is a good old joke, revenge on the busy signal that holds the line while ladies match conversational pennies, and ally of the sacred silence that should invest the selfish breakfast newspaper. Several feminists swooned at the performance, after declaring it a travesty, but husbands shook with rude matrimonial mirth.

It is staged like a ducal masque. Mr. Jones has done as well by Mr. Barker as has Mr. Rothenstein in the succeeding production. As a decoration, "The Dumb Wife" is a joy. To call it Elizabethan is silly. It is sophisticated modernism of the most tactful and imaginative kind. It is, in the first place, background successfully Burbanked. Where Mr. Belasco would put in the skin, the seeds, the indigestible and innutritious trash, under the illusion that if anything is real orange it must be palatable, Mr. Jones has given us only golden fruit, assimilable, ripe. And against his subjugated, conventionalized background he has operated all his characters in costumes to feast the eye. If the deaf Botal himself could only gaze at this production, he would even broaden his seraphic smile. It is hard to praise too much a visual pleasure in which there is richness without congestion and artifice without perversion. The folk tune, adapted by Mr. Cecil Sharp, gives final lilt to this gay orchestration of picture, fable and rhythm.

But if "The Dumb Wife" is humorous, in its elemental way, "Androcles and the Lion" is humor of a far profounder kind. With the aid of a superb production and a remarkable cast, this is the happiest mood in which Bernard Shaw has been seen in America. In "Pygmalion" Mr. Shaw was at a party where he wasn't particularly at home. Such a situation to a brilliant man is a stone egg; and, for me, "Pygmalion" was a stone egg. Shaw warmed it, but he didn't hatch it. But I feel no reservations about "Androcles." Here, indeed, he is brilliant, but with perfect relevance to the fable with which he is amused. In no other play has he been so engaged by his story, and on no story has he lavished such winning qualities—such generosity of appreciation, such unrestrained sentiment, such lively imagination. One has only to think how the piquant author of "The Dumb Wife" would have made this drama of early Christians citric to feel the warmth of it coming from Shaw.

For ever since the time Shaw wrote Lady Randolph Churchill that he declined to dine at her house and eat his fellow-creatures, it has been clear that he had a touch of St. Francis, and Androcles is a Franciscan with the lion. But the strange thing about Shaw's early Christians is that they are all bathed in a light that in anyone else might seem the pink of sentimentalism but in him seems the rose of dawn. By commencing with that ingratiating scene between the ministering Androcles and the tearful injured monarch of the jungle, Shaw is able to introduce the rest of his early Christians sympathetically, and where he scores for them is in endowing them with the least Pauline of traits, the trait of infectious laughter, to which the British fussiness of the centurion and the British practicality of the other Romans is in strong relief. If the Christians are herded for division between the lions and the gladiators, they are represented as incurably blithe. They are examples of a religion to which Shaw has given the charm of kindliness, hard humor and sportsmanship. By virtue of their faith, they are patricians, but patricians of the type that never seem so well-fitted as in their oldest, easiest clothes. The kindness with which these Christians treat Cæsar, just as the clock of their doom purrs before striking, is the mellowest tone in Shaw's music. And it is characteristic that he should balance their height by plumbing the depth with one coward apostate, just as he balanced Androcles' knowing kindness with the rasping shrillness of his blousy Titian spouse. This gentle Androcles, played by Mr. O. P. Heggie with delicate perception, is saved from insipidity by his extreme unconsciousness of his own heterodoxy, and when the time comes for him to be flung to the lion, it seems only right that the lion should be his old friend and that they should fail to go through the stupid ritual of martyrdom in the pleasure of their unexpected reunion. As the lion, Mr. Phil Dwyer is all that a Shavian lion should be. In a difficult rôle he lands, as he should, on his four feet.

The most comic Christian is Ferrovius, for which Mr. Lionel Braham is miraculously intended. He is the giant son of Mars who hopes to go like a lamb to the slaughter, but who, in spite of himself, runs amuck in the arena, slays six gladiators, and emerges bellowing bull-grief, brandishing a dripping sword.

The spiritual conflict in Ferrovius verges on farce, but largely because of Miss Lillah McCarthy's dulcet quality as Lavinia, the fineness of the Christians' situation is never for a moment lost. Steeped in humor, the position of the martyr troup is imaginatively put forward, and while Shaw keeps the audience wildly amused, he does so without destroying the illusion of their plight, an illusion which the dignity and beauty of Mr. Rothenstein's scenery sustains.

After a winter of discontent in the New York theatre, here indeed is a day of sun. And it is one sun, among all the rhetorical ones, in which there should be enough

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Books and Things

IN the Encyclopaedia Brittanica, eleventh edition, only forty-seven lines are given to Miss Marie Corelli, and only twenty to Mr. Hall Caine. Good, you say, for the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Ah, my guileless friend, "there did I wait for thee," with malice up my sleeve, knowing that this same work of reference says, in the article called "Caricature:" "The work of Mr. Max Beerbohm ('Max') has the note of originality and extravagance too." In the article on English literature in the nineteenth century, in a paragraph called "Criticism," the Britannica says further: "Birrell, Walkley and Max Beerbohm have followed rather in the wake of the Stephens and Bagehot, who have criticized the sufficiency of the titles made out by the more enthusiastic and lyrical eulogists." Surely it was the fall of the dice that handed English literature in the nineteenth century over to a writer capable of such a remark. Pass, however, the stupidity in itself and consider only the space it occupies—four lines, by the most liberal estimate, given to Max Beerbohm, writer. Add the line and a half given to Max, caricaturist, and you reach a total of five and a half lines, if the index volume may be trusted. Somewhat grotesque, isn't it? For of Max Beerbohm's prose you may safely predict that it will have the kind of immortality which he has predicted for Whistler's. "When I dub Whistler an immortal writer," he says, "I do but mean that so long as there are a few people interested in the subtler ramifications of English prose as an art form, so long will there be a few constantly recurring readers of *The Gentle Art.*"

No one except himself can write of Max Beerbohm in just the appropriate tone. I suppose a bland irritation often animates the amusement with which he reads what people say about him. Twice, so far as I remember, he has allowed this irritation to appear. Once when Mr. James Huneker called him a gentle mid-Victorian, or something of the sort; once when Mr. William Archer set forth his reasons for wishing a London morning daily would engage Max as dramatic critic. An innocent wish? That depends a little on the wisher, and Mr. Archer always goes armed with lethal weapons. It was Mr. Archer who advised Mr. Shaw to do fewer *You Never Can Tells,* and more *Widowers' Houses.* It was Mr. Archer who heard, through several acts of a play by Mr. Stephen Phillips, the younger Dumas speaking with the voice of Milton. But nothing said by Mr. Archer or Mr. Huneker, nothing I shall say to-day, can attain the perfection in inappropriateness of a speech made by Mr. James Pethel, when he and Mr. Beerbohm were on their way out of a café in Dieppe: "He asked me what I was writing now and said that he looked to me to 'do something big, one of these days,' and that he was sure I had it 'in' me. This remark (though of course I pretended to be pleased by it) irritated me very much." Was I not right in thinking that only Mr. Max Beerbohm could find the proper tone?

"James Pethel," with whose peculiar personality a few pages in the January *Century* make us well acquainted, is also the title of a peculiar story, characteristic of Max Beerbohm in being unlike his other stories, characteristic in its mockery of the feeling it communicates, or hardly communicates, since it betrays the reader into an excitement the author never knew. The most exciting page of all, a

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not only in the touches it adds to one's picture of his gifts. By a humor always present and sometimes manifest, by strokes of preparation neither too heavy nor too light, by an almost masculine intuition into the essential virtue of words, by a verbal dexterity born of this insight, by unlabored ease in elegance, by a precision as happy as carelessness could hope to be, "James Pethel" resembles everything else Mr. Max Beerbohm writes nowadays. Twenty years ago, when he was hardly more than half his present age, the ease did not always prevail against the elegance, and many a mannered sentence would have died of preciousness if he hadn't kept it alive by his mockery of its beauty. In Chicago, when he was twenty-three, he wrote of Walter Pater: "Not that even in those more decadent days of my childhood did I admire the man as a stylist. Even then I was angry that he should treat English as a dead language, bored by the sedulous ritual wherewith he laid out every sentence as in a shroud—hanging, like a widower, long over its marmoreal beauty or ever he could lay it at length in his book, its sepulchre." Even then, however, Max Beerbohm seldom wrote so. Even then, he could write like this, of Thackeray: "He blew on his pipe, and words came tripping round him like children, like pretty little children who are perfectly drilled for the dance, or came, did he will it, treading in their precedence, like kings, gloomily."

There, by the grace of God, spoke an originator of rhythms proper to English prose, a young light-handed master of its other harmony. The rhythm here is as original as this of Landor's, which of course you got by heart long since, leaning against your mother's knee, and which I never tire of tiring people by quoting: "There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave: there are no voices, O Rhodopè, that are not soon mute, however tuneful: there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last." But not in stateliest Landor, in Max alone among the masters of cadence, will you find beauty bestowed on absurdest incident. Who else would turn the emptying of a pitcher from an upper window upon a man writing below, into this: " 'Come a little nearer,' she whispered. The upturned and moonlit face obeyed her. She saw its lips forming the word 'Zuleika.' She took careful aim. Full on the face crashed the cascade of moonlit water, shooting out on all sides like the petals of some great silver anemone."

His ear is as sensitive to silver as his eye. You recall his noon in Oxford? "Some clock clove with silver the stillness of the morning. Ere came the second stroke, another and nearer clock was striking. And now there were others chiming in. The air was confused with the sweet babel of its many spires, some of them booming deep, measured sequences, some tinkling impatiently and outwitting others which had begun before them. And when this anthem of jealous antiphonies and uneven rhythms had dwindled quite away and fainted in one last solitary note of silver, there started somewhere another sequence; and this, almost at its last stroke, was interrupted by yet another, which went on to tell the hour of noon in its own way, quite slowly and significantly, as though none knew it." He has taught words to reveal a beauty in things comic, the humor in other things. He has seen his world with decorative humor and decorative insight. He has made his world clearer by arranging it in his own pattern. With his own taste as his court of last resort, among so many contemporaries trying to

A Free Man

Sanine, by Michael Artzibashef. Translated by Percy Pinkerton, with a preface by Gilbert Cannan. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.35 net.

WHEN a war photographer wants us to estimate the havoc made by a siege gun, he shows amid the wreckage the figure of a man. It is with the same object that amid the ordinary activities of a small garrison town Artizbashef introduces the figure of Vladimir Sanine. By depicting a "real man" against a confused conventional background, Artzibashef fulfils the first necessity of the Russian novelist, the necessity of giving estimable value to life.

In most Russian novels we are accustomed to poignant criticism, but very frequently it is the social order that is criticized, and the telltale figure, corresponding to the hero in our own fiction, is the political radical, revealing the ineffectuality of persons less sincere or less forceful than himself. In "Sanine" the telltale figure is very weary of political struggles. He isn't pining to be locked up in Schlusselburg. One of his first calm, smiling remarks is addressed to the timid lover of his sister: "I shall never believe that the longing for a constitution is stronger in you than the longing to make the most of your own life." "It is your own unsatisfactory life that worries you, not the absence of a constitution. And if you say it isn't, then you're telling a lie. What is more," he adds with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "you are worried not about your life, but because Lida has not yet fallen in love with you." And this is the plane of "Sanine." It is a novel of Russians confused about their ideals and themselves, but most of all confused about sex. The only one who is not confused is the man who understands his own desires, Sanine.

The struggle that has occurred in a novelist's own soul tends in his work to be reproduced in two antithetical characters. In "Sanine" these contrasted characters, the best understood, are Sanine, the man who has found himself, and Yourii, the introspective sentimentalist. Artzibashef writes of Yourii with the penetrating disgust of a man emancipated from something that once troubled him. He satirizes Yourii's delicacy, self-analysis, self-repudiation. He satirizes his incompetent aspirations and his priggishness, his "perpetual sighing and groaning, or incessant questionings such as 'I sneezed just now. Was that the right thing to do? Will it not cause harm to some one? Have I, in sneezing, fulfilled my destiny?'" Yourii is the true prig, the creature "over-fed for his size"; and when Sanine analyzes him to the beautiful Sina, it is really a new generation of Russia analyzing the tortured generation of Turgenev. "The body and spirit of man form one complete harmonious whole, disturbed only by the dread approach of death. But it is we ourselves who disturb such harmony by our own distorted conception of life. We have branded as bestial our physical desires; we have become ashamed of them; we have shrouded them in degrading forms and trammels. Those of us who by nature are weak, do not notice this, but drag on through life in chains, while those who are crippled by a false conception of life, it is they who are the martyrs." To this Sina, who is on the verge of loving Yourii, assents. Around her is "the splendor of the night, the beauty of the calm river and of the dreamy woods in moonlight." She sees Sanine, as if for the first time. "There he sat, facing her, in the stern, a fine figure of a man; dark-eyed, broad-shouldered, intensely virile." And when, a few moments later, they sweep into "a world of unknown forces and [illegible]" both hands on the other's shoulders. 'If you are minded

tion of Dostoevsky and Tolstoi the most beautiful of virginal womanhood, and saw her willingly surrender her will to a man without sense of sin.

Lest, however, Artzibashef be considered merely dissolute, he has brought into contrast with Sanine the really dissolute mortal, the handsome officer Sarudine. When the novel opens with Sanine's return to his small provincial home after his Odyssey, he discovers that his sister Lida is seductively lovely, and he soon perceives that not only has she a timid, honorable suitor, but also a possible daring captor in Sarudine. It is with a certain jealousy that he sees Sarudine effect her capture. As soon, however, as Sarudine's gusto is chilled by the discovery that Lida is pregnant, the contrast between the two men is brought out. Sarudine and Lida do no more than Sanine and Sina, but to Lida Sarudine is slavishly brutal, while to Sina Sanine is human. As a result of his overweening brutality, Sarudine comes into conflict with Sanine, and Sanine nearly kills him. This he defends to a quavering youth who speaks of "moral victory." "It was painful to me to hit him. To be conscious of one's own strength is pleasant, of course, but it was nevertheless a horrible experience—horrible, because such an act in itself was brutal. Yet my conscience is calm. I was but the instrument of fate. Sarudine has come to grief because the whole bent of his life was bound to bring about a catastrophe; and the marvel is that others of his sort do not share his fate. These are the men who learn to kill their fellow-creatures and to pamper their own bodies, not knowing why or wherefore. They are lunatics, idiots! Let them loose, and they would cut their own throats and those of other folk as well. Am I to blame because I protected myself from a madman of this type?" Sarudine, humiliated by his beating, kills himself. Sanine dismisses him as a fool.

It is hardly fair to "Sanine" to single out its philosophic spinal column without suggesting the loveliness with which the story is impregnated. Although the majority of the characters are quite young and most of them seen in their sex life, it is impossible for Artzibashef not to rejoice in the natural beauty that invests and surrounds them. That Sanine should be susceptible to the beauty of his sister is only one symptom of Artzibashef's sense of the beauty in which the world is bathed. He recounts, with impressionist brevity, the picnics, the boating, the evening debates, the band promenade, the shooting excursions, of the little town; and in each of these expressions of life he finds not only the perplexity of conflicting desires but the grace and ardor of young existence. Only he is willing Sanine should be "bored" with the efforts of everyone else to find somewhere in the world outside themselves an explication of their own souls. He, too, is bored with nervous itching about ultimates. Says the wry, haunted Jew: "Why do we live? Tell me that." Why? That nobody knows. . . . He only ought to live who finds joy in living; but for him who suffers, death is best."

The same note is struck whenever Sanine is confronted with any decision. To his sister's timid suitor he brings word of her pregnancy. "You have lost nothing which you desired. Lida's limbs are the same as before; so are her passion and her splendid vitality. But, of course, it is extremely convenient and also agreeable to provide oneself with enjoyment while piously imagining that one is doing a noble deed." Under this lash the suitor's "self-pity gave place to a nobler sentiment." "'But will she care to see me?' 'Don't think about that,' said Sanine, as he placed both hands on the other's shoulders. 'If you are minded

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When Lida tries to drown herself, Sanine is half inclined to let her. But he rescues her. "It is not because you are pregnant that you want to die, but because you are afraid of what other folk will say. The terrible part of your trouble lies, not in the actual trouble itself, but because you put it between yourself and your life which, as you think, ought to end. But, in reality, that will not alter life a jot. You do not fear folk who are remote, but those who are close to you, especially those who love you and who regard your surrender as utterly shocking because it was made in a wood, or a meadow, instead of in a lawful marriage-bed. They will not be slow to punish you for your offence, so, of what good are they to you? They are stupid, cruel, brainless people. Why should you die because of stupid, cruel, brainless people?"

Later, after Lida breaks down on slighting her seducer, she asks: "Are there really no other . . . better men, then?" Sanine smiles; "No, certainly not. Man is vile by nature. Expect nothing good from him. And then the harm that he does to you will not make you grieve." She looks at him with beautiful tear-stained eyes. "Do you expect nothing good from your fellow-men, either?" "Of course not," replies Sanine, "I live alone."

The mere fact that it is so easy to pick out these typical speeches of Sanine shows that "Sanine" is written largely in criticism of a special mood and time. It is quite clear from these speeches that Artzibashef is thinking of self-questioning Russia when he insists so vigorously on an individualism firm, remorseless and proud. He loves Sanine because he has listened to pining, whining, puling, mewing idealism. He loves him because he has seen sex associated with sin, and duty with convention; and he likes to have Sanine see his mother as an "old hen" because he has probably had an old hen for mother himself, and was treated as a chicken when he had actually become a cock. All of this is part of that marvelous process by which Russia, through its novelists, registers in its fiction its passions, its preoccupations and its pains. It is symptomatic that of recent years the one American who has found a vogue in Russia is Jack London. But between Jack London and Artzibashef there is the difference that there is between red-eye and seasoned brandy. Both touch the spot, but one of them touches it without leaving it raw.

There is, however, a good deal too much romanticism about Vladimir Sanine. He is, of course, the sort of man that most of us would like to be, "a fine figure of a man; dark-eyed, broad-shouldered, intensely virile." But one is a little sorry that on every possible occasion he stands so successfully alone. He defeats everyone in argument. He always takes the initiative in difficulty. When he hits Sarudine just once, Sarudine's "eye was no longer visible; blood was flowing from his nose and mouth, his lips twitched, and his whole body shook as if in the grip of a fever." It is plain that for himself Artzibashef has made not a man, but a hero, a god. This is pardonable. When we make a god, it is well to do a good job, and make him in our own most attractive image. But the real critic of life should always go one further. He should show his Sanine not only stand, but also once or twice fall, alone. He should not give courage merely the power to spill the other fellow's milk. He should show courage under the necessity of crying over his own spilled milk. He should show his man of splendid vitality a little bilious from his vodka and cigarettes. He should show him growing a little bald. I like the last picture of Sanine "moving onward: onward to meet the sun." But I should like it

Poetry for Poetry's Sake

Sword Blades and Poppy Seed, by Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

THERE is no keener pleasure for the true lover of poetry than to mark the first stirrings of new life. Those of us who have been keeping vigil through the night that began with that twilight of the poets of which Stedman was the muezzin nearly two decades ago have of late experienced that pleasure not infrequently. There have been false dawns aplenty, and the earliest pipe of more than one half-awakened bird has been hushed again in slumber. But now the cold wind that foreruns the dawn is blowing freshly and the birds are piping full chorus.

Nor is all this a matter of poetic ecstasy and divination, the recurrent dream of the young and hopeful. It can be proved by facts and figures, so seldom the poets' friends. Magazines have been established, not unsuccessfully, for poetry and its promotion; and the records of publishing houses show that not only has there been in the last three years a sharp up-curve in the number of poetical manuscripts submitted, but that of those published a notably greater number of copies have been consumed by the Ultimate Consumer than would have been the case ten or even five years ago.

Of the score or more of poets now writing that deserve the serious attention of alert readers no group is more provocative, more vital, than the little band of British and American poets known to the world, through a recently published anthology of their work, as *Imagistes*. Remembering Henley's fine phrase in the Preface to his "Poems" the writer would like to submit that Quintessentialists would be a better designation and battle-cry.

The precise membership of the group, at the moment a little confused by charges of non-conformity, and unapostolic succession, need not detain us. By sheer cerebral energy Miss Amy Lowell stands as the most striking American exponent of the creed she has done much to mold. Her latest volume, suggestively, perhaps too suggestively, entitled "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," illustrates admirably in text and preface the vitality of the school. It is a vitality due in no small measure to the objective attitude of its members towards their art, to an atmosphere of critical give and take, hitherto more common in the studios of the Boule Miche than in the tea-drenched drawing-rooms where post-Victorian poets have held a pontifical sway.

The central ideal of these poets would seem to be best expressed in the phrase, poetry for poetry's sake. It finds expression in a distaste for poetry set to serve a task, such as the teaching of philosophy, or the furthering of the eugenic impulse. Their creed, their Kensington catechism, is apparently contained in these articles:

(1) Use the exact word [i.e., a fresh passion for our old French friend, *le mot juste*].
(2) Invent new rhythms if they serve your turn.
(3) Don't hesitate to choose any subject if you can write upon it poetically.
(4) Seek always to present the image.
(5) Make your poetic outlines hard and clear.
(6) The essence of true poetry is concentration [Poe's idea].

It would be easy to debate the articles of this creed. Thus, under article one, it seems to me personally that the *Imagistes* sometimes fail to see that to be truly "exact" the word must sometimes be vague, that "verbal magic"

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less beautiful than the hardness of the gem. But all this would lead to a confusion of the main issue. The important point is that the *Imagistes* as represented by Miss Lowell have proposed a definite and desirable poetic end, have set intelligently about reaching it, and have in a sufficient number of instances convincingly arrived.

It is not easy within the limits of a brief review to illustrate adequately the characteristic poetic excellence of Miss Lowell's work. Perhaps this "image" of "A London Thoroughfare at 2 A.M." will serve as well as any:

> They have watered the street,
> It shines in the glare of lamps,
> Cold, white lamps,
> And lies
> Like a slow-moving river,
> Barred with silver and black.
> Cabs go down it,
> One,
> And then another.
> Between them I hear the shuffling of feet.
> Tramps doze on the window-ledges,
> Night-walkers pass along the sidewalks.
> The city is squalid and sinister,
> With the silver-barred street in the midst,
> Slow-moving,
> A river leading nowhere.
> Opposite my window,
> The moon cuts,
> Clear and round,
> Through the plum-coloured night.
> She cannot light the city;
> It is too bright.
> It has white lamps,
> And glitters coldly.

Though it lacks the serviceable first-aid to the memory of rhyme, how haunting and in the finest sense memorable is this picture. It is "hard," indeed, in outline, and yet with its all but perfect interpenetration of form and substance, its sense of humanity tinged with something very much resembling humor, how far from cold!

It must be noted, however, that if "unrhymed cadence" like this is to be a source of pleasure it must be read aloud and not merely phrased in silence. To the eye in chilly type,

> "Cabs go down it,
> One,
> And then another"

is an unmetrical and more or less senseless arrangement of words. But try reading it aloud and see whether the inevitable prolongation of "one" does not image to perfection the slow passing of some ancient sea-going taxi.

Not the least of the elements of freshness and charm in such pieces is their blithe air of successful and sure-footed improvisation, something exceedingly difficult to attain amid the foot-counting and rhyme-seeking of more regular verse forms. One may suspect that pieces in "unrhymed cadence" are handicapped in the race for long anthological life by the choice of form. They lack, as has already been suggested, the mnemonic value of chiming sound. Moreover, the painful process of shaping into rhyme and regular metre the subconscious masses pressing for outlet which, psychologically considered, constitute poetic "inspiration," seems for some reason or other conducive to bringing the product nearer to the business and bosoms of the general. Perhaps, too, the quality of impulse that seeks and finds expression in an exact, independent, hard, concentrated medium is not of a type ever to become in any wide sense popular. But if, as I take it, life, so far as it is worth while, is an affair of vivid moments, we can moments of perception and experience are caught, held, and given again to us for our own more vivid life.

If I have spent too much space in comment on a single aspect of Miss Lowell's volume it is because this is the aspect that seems to me most significant. Not the least notable trait of the book, however, is its range of subject and variety of manner. Along with the unrhymed, freely cadenced pieces that we have been considering, there are plenty of poems to please ears that delight in elaborate tonal structures of echoing words. There are workmanlike sonnets, cavalier tunes in lilting stanzas, fluent picturesque narrative in both complicated stanzaic forms and in the familiar four-beat couplet, and, finally, some successful experiments in the rhymed prose of Paul Fort. Not all of these pieces give the reader the *frisson,* the apocalyptic shock of poetry; but none is devoid of interest for the student of good technique.

The book as a whole is notable for the organic relation it bears to life and to art. There has been a not infrequent disposition on the part of certain critics to set these jealous sisters at odds. For the poet, I fancy, books of poetry are as much a part of life as pictures for the painters or music for the musician. Miss Lowell can find authentic inspiration equally in the lapidarian stanzas of Henri de Régnier and in the color effects produced by the flicking of the tail of the great northern pike. Her work is always vivid, sincere, poetically energetic. Throughout it run, in the quaint phrase of an old poet who was Quintessentialist without knowing it, "bright shoots of everlastingnesse."

FERRIS GREENSLET.

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—*The Poetic Edda.*

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1815 1915

Edited by George Harvey

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